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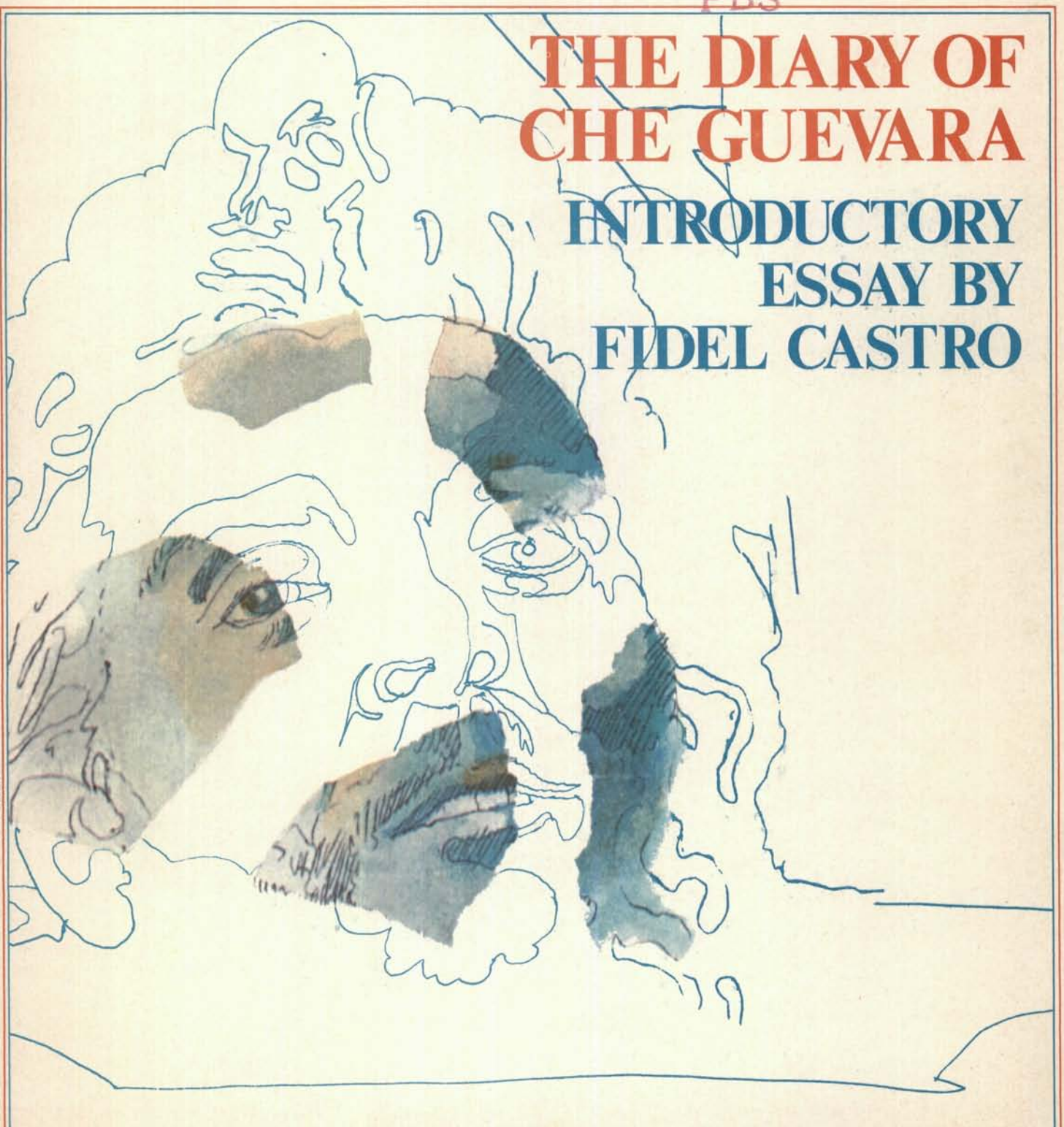

THE DIARY OF CHE GUEVARA

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY BY FIDEL CASTRO

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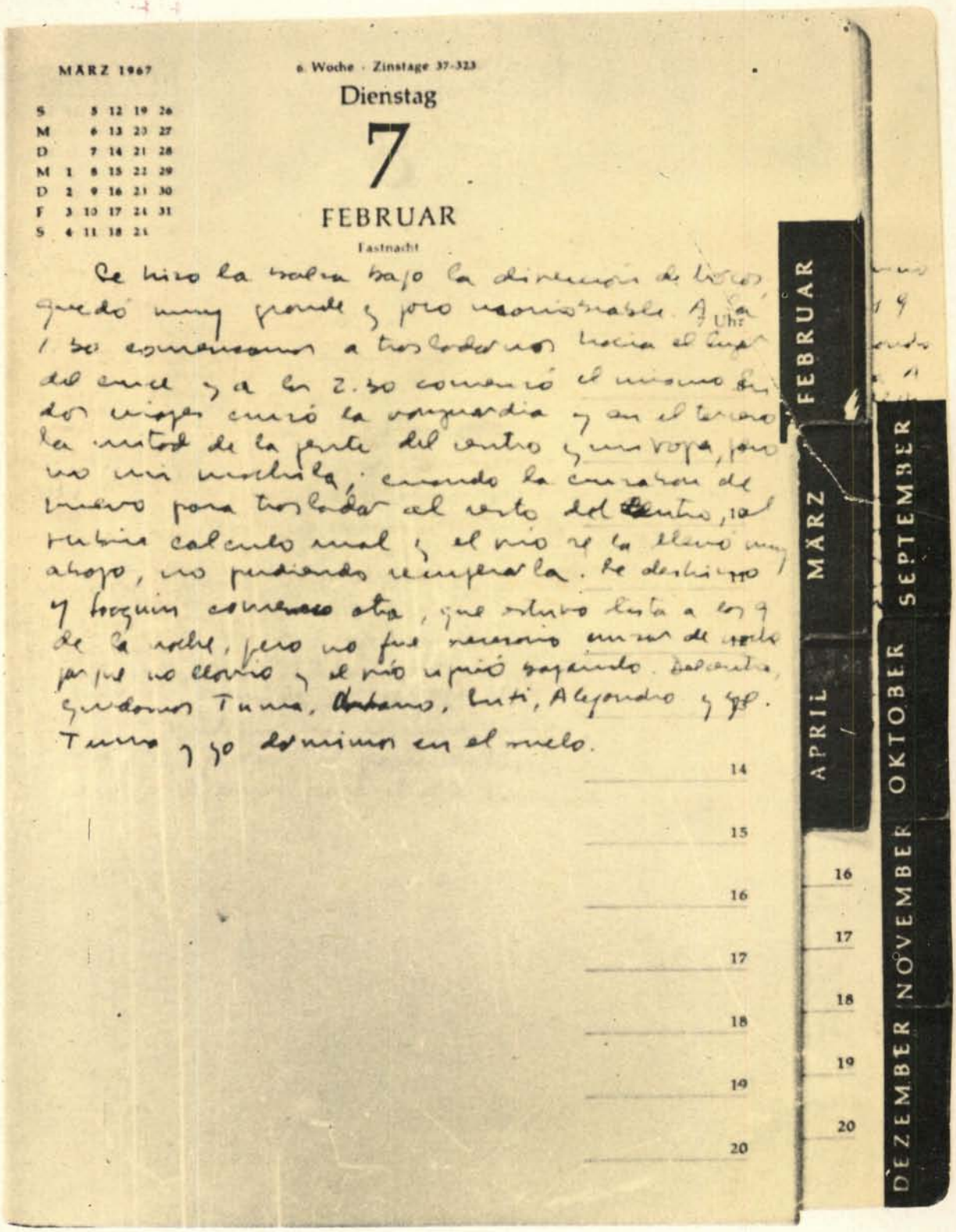
Illustration by Milton Glaser


MÄRZ 1967
6. Woche · Zinstage 37-323
Dienstag
7
FEBRUAR
Fastnacht
S 5 12 19 26
M 6 13 20 27
D 7 14 21 28
M 1 8 15 22 29
D 2 9 16 21 30
F 3 10 17 24 31
S 4 11 18 25
Se hizo la salsa bajo la dirección de Lico, quedó muy grande y poco razonable. A la 1 Uhr 30 comenzamos a trasladar nos hacia el lugar del evento y a las 2.30 comenzó el mismo, dos veces cruzó la vanguardia y en el tercero la mitad de la parte del centro y mi ropa, pero no mi mochila, cuando la cruzaron de nuevo para trasladar al resto del Centro, la rubia calculo mal y el río se la llevó muy ahogo, no pudiendo recuperarla. Me desh... y Joaquín comenzaron otra, que duro hasta a las 9 de la noche, pero no fue necesario cruzar de nuevo porque no llovió y el río siguió bajando. Adentro, quedamos Tuma, Antonio, Luis, Alejandro y yo. Tuma y yo dormimos en el suelo.
14
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19
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FEBRUAR
MÄRZ
APRIL
OKTOBER
NOVEMBER
DEZEMBER
SEPTEMBER

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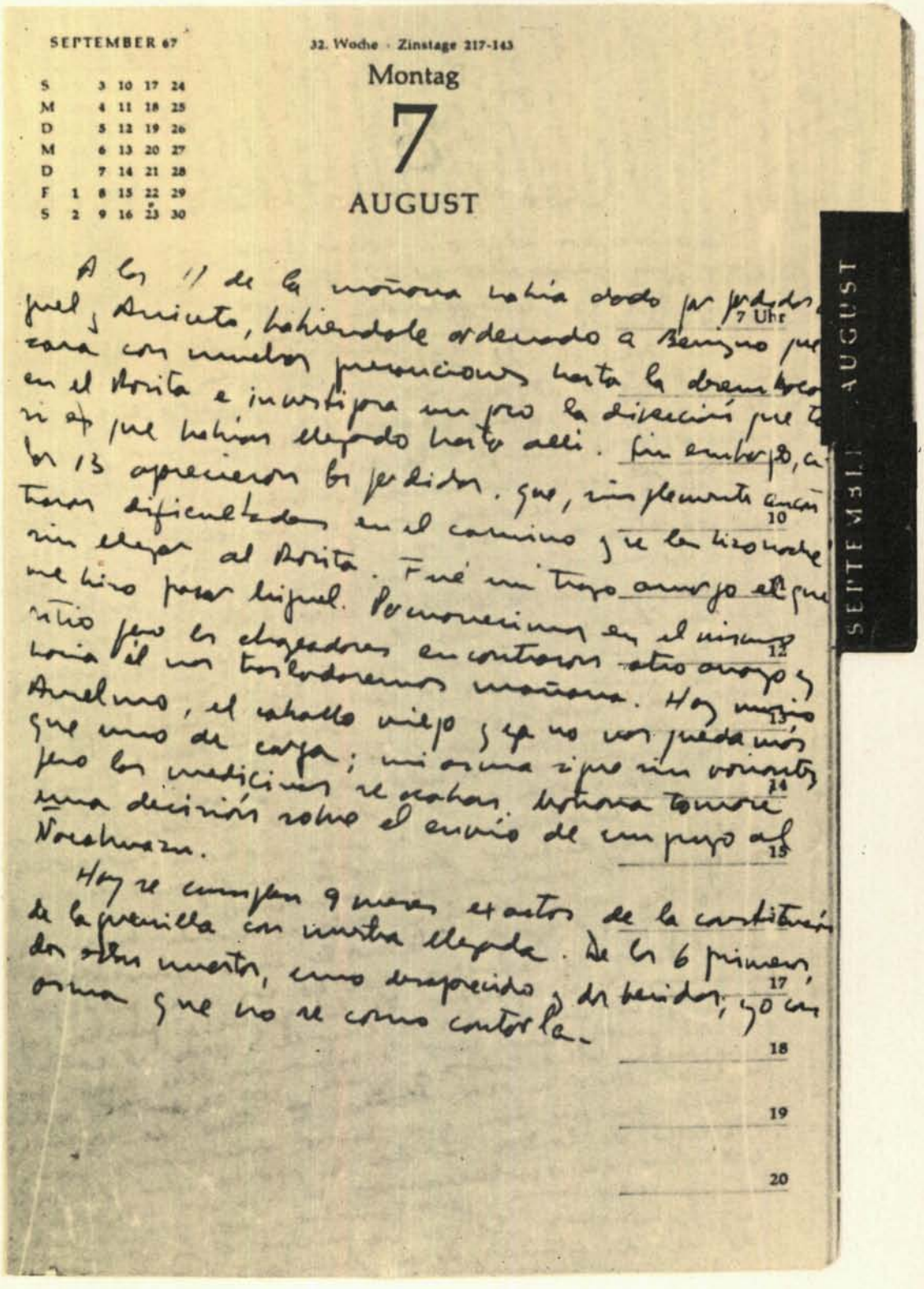

SEPTEMBER 67

S		3	10	17	24
M		4	11	18	25
D		5	12	19	26
M		6	13	20	27
D		7	14	21	28
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

32. Woche · Zinstage 217-143

Montag

7

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER AUGUST

7 Uhr

A las 11 de la mañana había dado por perdido a Miguel y Arcadio, habiéndole ordenado a Benigno que caminara con muchas precauciones hasta la desembocadura en el Norte e investigara un poco la dirección que habían llevado hasta allí. Sin embargo, a las 13 aparecieron los perdidos, que, simplemente encontraron dificultades en el camino y se habían desviado sin llegar al Norte. Fué un trago amargo el que me hizo pasar Miguel. Pocas noticias en el mismo sitio pero los alojadores encontraron otro arroyo y había ido con los bastimentos mañana. Hoy mismo Arcadino, el caballo viejo y ya no son buenos más que unos de carga; mi orina sigue sin volumen pero las mediciones se acaban. Urgente tomar una decisión sobre el envío de un grupo al Nordeste.

Hoy se cumplen 9 meses de la constitución de la guerrilla con nuestra llegada. De los 6 primeros, dos están muertos, uno desaparecido y dos heridos; yo con orina que no se como controla.

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OKTOBER 1967 — 36. Woche - Zinstage 247-113

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D	3	10	17	24	31	
M	4	11	18	25		
D	5	12	19	26		
F	6	13	20	27		
S	7	14	21	28		

Donnerstag

7

SEPTEMBER

Camino corto. Sólo se cruzó un vado y luego se tropezó con dificultades por la fanalla, decidiendo luego acampar para esperar. Llevamos hoy cuatro bajas nuevas. La situación es esta: la aviación no nos ha visto por aquí a pesar de haber llegado al campamento y la radio informa incluso que yo soy el jefe del grupo. El interrogante es: ¿tienen miedo? Poco probable; es imposible ó poco bajo arriba? Con la experiencia de lo que hemos hecho y ellos corren, no lo creo; ¿quieren dejar avanzar para esperarnos en algún lugar estratégico? Es posible. ¿Creen que invirtiendo la zona de búsqueda nos atacaremos? También es posible. El médico está mucho mejor, pero vuelve a recaer y pasa la noche en blanco.

La radio trae la noticia de los voluntarios informaciones suministradas por Jose Castillo (Prestaba que tuvo un encuentro con él. Debemos referirse a las imputaciones de Pozo contra él, diciendo para peor cobarde, por eso no han podido ver con frial. Radio la Cruz del Sur anuncia el hallazgo del cadáver de Tania la guerrillera en los márgenes del Río Grande; es una noticia que no tiene la misma veracidad de la del viejo; el cadaver fue llevado a Santa Cruz. Régis informa su entrevista y sólo ella, no al diplomo.

h = 720 m.

Hablé con Julio; está muy bien pero nuestra falta de contacto y de incorporación de gente.

SEPTEMBER

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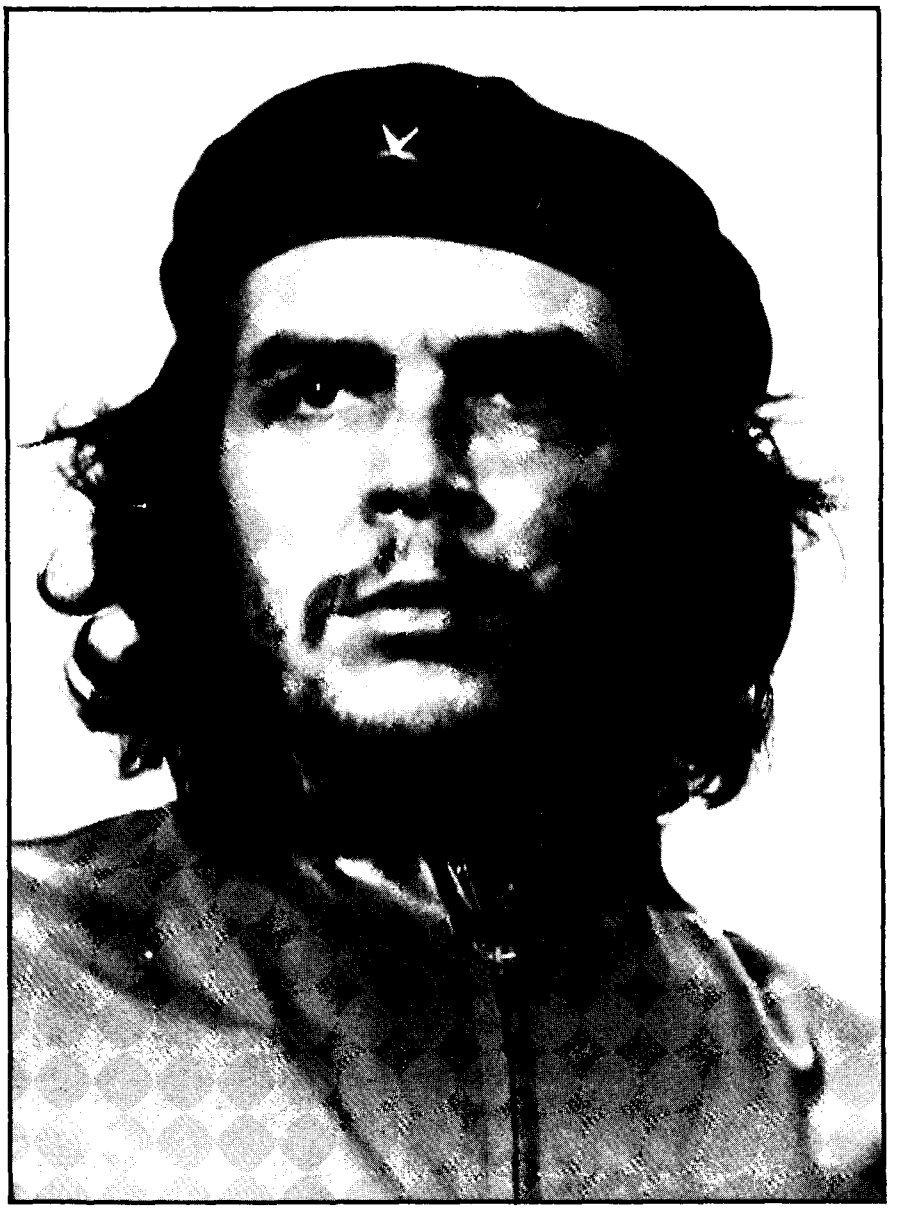

This special edition of Ramparts Magazine contains the first English language publication of the Diary written by Ernesto Che Guevara during 12 months of the guerrilla campaign in Bolivia. The introduction by Prime Minister Fidel Castro was written to coincide with the Diary's publication. Ramparts Magazine Inc. has been granted the exclusive copyright for publication of the Guevara Diary in the United States, for the accompanying photographic material and for the introduction by the Instituto Nacional del Libro of the Republic of Cuba. We find it fitting that Che's Diary was made public by his Cuban campañeros rather than by those against whom he fought, and we feel privileged to have been involved in its first publication.

ROBERT SCHEER
Editor, Ramparts Magazine.

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[A NECESSARY INTRODUCTION By FIDEL CASTRO]

IT WAS CHE'S HABIT during his days as a guerrilla to write down his daily observations in a personal diary. During the long marches over abrupt and difficult terrain, in the middle of the damp woods, when the lines of men, always hunched over from the weight of their *mochilas,* munitions and arms would stop for a moment to rest, or when the column would receive orders to halt and pitch camp at the end of a long day's journey, one could see Che—as he was from the beginning affectionately nicknamed by the Cubans—take out his notebook and, with the small and almost illegible letters of a doctor, write his notes. What he was able to conserve from these notes he later used in writing his magnificent historical narrations of the revolutionary war in Cuba. They were of revolutionary content, pedagogic and human.

This time, thanks to his invariable habit of jotting down the principal occurrences of each day, we have at our disposal rigorously exact, priceless and detailed information concerning the heroic final months of his life in Bolivia.

These notations, not exactly written for publication, served him as a working guide in the constant evaluation of the occurrences, the situation and the men. They also served as an expressive outlet for his profoundly observant spirit, analytical but often laced with a fine sense of humor. They are soberly written and contain an uninterrupted coherence from the beginning to the end.

It should be kept in mind that they were written during those rare moments of rest in the middle of an heroic and superhuman physical endeavor—notwithstanding Che's exhausting obligations as chief of a guerrilla detachment in the difficult first stages of a struggle of this nature—which unfolded under incredibly hard material conditions, revealing once more his particular way of working and his will of steel.

In the diary, detailed analyses of the incidents of each day, the faults, criticisms and recriminations which are appropriate to and inevitable in the development of a revolutionary guerrilla are made evident.

In the heart of a guerrilla detachment, these criticisms must take place incessantly, especially when there is only a small nucleus of men, constantly confronted by extremely adverse material conditions and an enemy infinitely superior in number, when a little carelessness or the most insignificant mistake can be fatal and the chief has to be extremely demanding. He must use each occurrence or episode, no matter how insignificant, as a lesson to the combatants and future leaders of new guerrilla detachments.

The formation of a guerrilla is a constant call to the conscience and honor of every man. Che knew how to touch on the most sensitive fibers of the revolutionaries. When Marcos, repeatedly admonished by Che, was warned that he could be dishonorably discharged from the guerrillas, he said, "First I must be shot!" Later on he gave his life heroically. The behavior of all the men in whom Che put his confidence and whom he had to admonish for some reason or another during the course of the struggle was similar. He was a fraternal and human chief who also knew how to be exacting and occasionally even severe, but above all, and even more so than with the others, Che was severe with himself. He based the discipline of the guerrilla on their moral conscience and on the tremendous force of his own personal example.

The diary also contains numerous references to Regis Debray and makes evident the enormous preoccupation stirred up in Che by the arrest and imprisonment of the revolutionary writer whom he had made responsible for carrying out a mission in Europe, although in reality he would have preferred Debray to remain in the guerrilla. This is why he manifests a certain inconsistency and occasionally some doubts concerning his behavior.

For Che it was not possible to know of the odyssey lived by Debray and the firm and courageous attitude he took in front of his capturers and torturers while he was in the clutches of the repressive forces.

However, he did emphasize the enormous political importance of Debray's trial, and on the 3rd of October, six days before his death, in the midst of tense and bitter happenings, Che stated: "An interview with Debray was heard, very valiant when faced with a student provocator," this being his last reference to the writer.

Since in this diary the Cuban Revolution and its relation to the guerrilla movement are repeatedly pointed out, some might interpret the fact that its publication on our part constitutes an act of provocation supplying an argument to the enemies of the Revolution—the Yankee imperialists and their cohorts, the Latin American oligarchies—for redoubling their plans for blockade, isolation of and aggression toward Cuba.

For those who judge the facts in this way it is well to remember that Yankee imperialism has never needed pretexts to perpetrate its villainy in any part of the world and that its efforts to smash the Cuban Revolution began with the first revolutionary law made in our country; for the obvious and well-known fact is that imperialism is the gendarme of the world, systematic promoter of counter-revolution and protector of the most backward and inhuman social structures in the world.

Solidarity with the revolutionary movement might be used as a pretext but shall never be the cause of Yankee aggression. Denying solidarity in order to deny the pretext is ridiculous ostrich-like politics, which has nothing to do with the internationalist character of contemporary social revolutions. To cease solidarity with the revolutionary movement does not mean to deny a pretext but actually to show solidarity with Yankee imperialism and its policy of domination and enslavement of the world.

CUBA IS A SMALL economically underdeveloped country, like all those countries dominated and exploited by colonialism and imperialism. It is situated only 90 miles from the United States' coast, having a Yankee naval base on its own territory, and confronts numerous obstacles in the carrying out of its economic and social development. Great dangers have threatened our country

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since the triumph of the Revolution but not because of this will imperialism succeed in making us yield, since the difficulties which a consequent revolutionary line entails are not important to us.

From the revolutionary point of view, the publication of Che's diary in Bolivia admits no alternative. Che's diary fell into Barrientos' possession who immediately sent copies to the CIA, the Pentagon and the United States government. Newspapermen connected with the CIA had access to the document in Bolivia and have made photostatic copies of it—but with the promise to abstain from publishing it for the moment.

Barrientos' government and his highest military chiefs have abundant reasons for not publishing the diary since it confirms the tremendous incapacity of the Bolivian Army and the innumerable defeats which it suffered at the hands of a small fistful of determined guerrillas who captured almost 200 arms in combat in a few weeks.

Che also describes Barrientos and his regime in terms which they deserve and with words that cannot be erased from history.

On the other hand, imperialism had its reasons: Che and his extraordinary example gain increasing force in the world. His ideas, his image, his name, are the banners of the struggle against the injustices of the oppressed and exploited and stir up a passionate interest on the part of students and intellectuals all over the world.

Right in the United States, members of the Negro movement and the radical students, who are constantly increasing in number, have made Che's figure their own. In the most combative manifestations of civil rights and against the aggression in Vietnam, his photographs are wielded as emblems of the struggle. Few times in history, or perhaps never, has a figure, a name, an example, been so universalized with such celerity and passionate force. This is because Che embodies in its purest and most disinterested form the internationalist spirit which characterizes the world today and which will do so even more tomorrow.

From a continent oppressed by colonial powers yesterday and exploited and kept down in the most iniquitous underdevelopment by Yankee imperialism today, there surges this singular figure who is converted into the universal breath of the revolutionary struggle, even in the imperialist and colonial metropolises themselves.

The Yankee imperialists fear the force of this example and all that may contribute to reveal it. The intrinsic value of the diary, the living expression of an extraordinary personality, is as a guerrilla lesson written in the heat and tension of each day. It is inflammable gun powder. It is the real demonstration that Latin American man is not impotent in the face of those who would enslave the peoples with their mercenary armies and who prevented the publication of this diary until now.

It could also be that the pseudorevolutionaries, opportunists and charlatans of every kind who call themselves Marxists, communists, or give themselves any other titles, are interested in keeping the diary from being known. They have not vacillated in qualifying Che as wrong, as an adventurer, and when referring to him in the most benign form, they call him an idealist whose death is the Swan Song of the revolutionary armed struggle in Latin America. "If Che," they exclaim, "the highest exponent of these ideas and an experimented guerrilla fighter, was killed in guerrilla warfare and his movement did not liberate Bolivia, this only demonstrates how wrong he was!" How many of these miserable characters have been happy about the death of Che and haven't even blushed to think that their position and reasoning coincide completely with those of the most reactionary oligarchies and with imperialism!

In this way they justify themselves or justify treacherous leaders who at certain moments have not vacillated in playing a game of armed struggle with the real purpose of destroying the guerrilla detachments, as could be seen later, putting the brake on revolutionary action and asserting their shameful and ridiculous political deals because they were absolutely incapable of any other line; or they justify those who do not want to fight, who will never fight, for the peoples and their liberation and who have caricatured the revolutionary ideas turning them into a dogmatic opium without content or any message for the masses, converting the organizations of the people's struggle into instruments of conciliation with external and internal exploiters and proponents of politics which have nothing to do with the real interest of exploited peoples on this continent.

Che contemplated his death as something natural and probable in the process and tried to emphasize, especially in the last documents, that this eventuality would not impede the inevitable march of the revolution in Latin America. In his message to the Tricontinental Congress, he reiterated this thought: "Our every action is a battle cry against imperialism . . . wherever death may surprise us, let it be welcome, provided that this, our battle cry, may have reached some receptive ear and another hand may be extended to wield our weapons."

He considered himself a soldier of this revolution without ever worrying about surviving it. Those who see the end to his ideas in the outcome of his struggle in Bolivia could with the same simplicity negate the validity of the ideas and struggles of all the great precursors and revolutionary thinkers, including the founders of Marxism who were unable to culminate their work and see during their lifetimes the fruits of their noble efforts.

In Cuba, neither the death in combat of Marti and Maceo, later followed by Yankee intervention at the end of the Independence War, frustrating the immediate objective of their struggle, nor of the brilliant proponents of the socialist revolution like Julio Antonio Mella, assassinated by agents at the service of the imperialists, could impede in the long run the triumph of a process which began 100 years ago. And absolutely no one could doubt the profound justice of the cause and the line of the struggle of those Fathers, nor the actuality of the profound principles which never failed to inspire the Cuban revolutionaries.

From Che's diary it is possible to gather how real the possibilities of success were and how extraordinary the catalyzing power of the guerrilla was. On a certain occasion, in the light of the weakening and rapid deterioration of the Bolivian regime, he said, "The government is disintegrating rapidly; it is a pity we don't have 100 more men right now."

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Che knew from his experience in Cuba how often our small guerrilla detachment was on the verge of being extinguished. This could have occurred because of the likelihood of the hazards and imponderabilities of war, but, if we had indeed been extinguished, would it have given the right to anybody to consider our line erroneous or to use this as an example to discourage the revolution and to instill impotency in the people? Many times in history the revolutionary processes have been preceded by adverse episodes! Didn't we in Cuba have the Moncada as an experience almost six years before the final triumph of the armed struggle by the people?

For many, between the 26th of July, 1953—the attack on the Moncada quarters in Santiago de Cuba—and the 5th of December, 1956—the disembarkment of the "Granma" —the revolutionary struggle in Cuba, faced with a modern and well-equipped army, lacked all perspective, and the action of a handful of fighters was viewed as a chimera of idealists and deluded beings "who were profoundly mistaken." The smashing defeat and the total dispersion of the inexpert guerrilla detachment on the 3rd of December, 1956, appeared to confirm completely the pessimistic omens. But only 25 months later, the remains of that guerrilla force had developed the power and acquired the necessary experience to annihilate that army.

In all ages and under all circumstances there will always exist abundant reasons not to fight, but that will be the only way not to obtain liberty. Che did not outlive his ideas, but he fecundated them with his own blood. With all certainty the pseudorevolutionary critics with their political cowardice and their eternal lack of action will survive to evidence their own stupidity.

It is notable, as can be seen in the diary, that one of those revolutionary specimens, the kind becoming typical in Latin America, like Mario Monje, wielding the title of secretary of the Communist Party of Bolivia, pretended to dispute with Che over the political and military position of head of the movement. Furthermore, he alleged his previous intention to resign his party position over that dispute; it seems that according to him it was enough to have had this title to claim such a prerogative.

Mario Monje, naturally, had no guerrilla experience, nor had he ever engaged in battle. Plus the fact that his self-conceived ideas of a Communist should have long since obliged him to dispense with the vulgar and mundane chauvinism overcome by our forefathers in the struggle for the first independence.

With such a concept as to what the anti-imperialist struggle on this continent should be, such "communist chiefs" haven't even surpassed the internationalist level of the aboriginal tribe conquered by European colonizers at the time of the conquest.

Therefore, this chief of the Communist Party did nothing more than enter into shameful, ridiculous and unmerited claims to power, caring not that this was Bolivia, with its historic capital, Sucre, both places named in honor of their first liberators who were Venezuelan, and whose final liberation was the result of the cooperation of the political, military and organizational talent of a true revolutionary titan whose cause furthermore did not know the narrow, artificial and even unjust boundaries of that country.

Bolivia, not having an outlet to the sea, more than any other country needs the revolutionary victory of its neighbors for its own liberation so as not to be exposed to a flagrant blockade. Furthermore, Che was the man who could have accelerated this process, due to his enormous prestige, capacity and experience.

Che had established relations with leaders and militants of the Bolivian Communist Party before the split among them occurred, entreating them to help the revolutionary movement in South America. Some of these militants, with authorization from the Party, worked with him on diverse tasks for several years. A special situation was created when the division within the Party took place, due to the fact that the militants with whom he had been working became part of one group or the other. However, Che did not conceive of the struggle in Bolivia as an isolated fact, but as part of a revolutionary liberation movement which would not delay in extending to other South American countries. It was his purpose to organize a movement devoid of sectarian spirit which would permit the incorporation of all those who wanted to fight for the liberation of Bolivia and the rest of the peoples subjugated by imperialism in Latin America.

However, during the initial phase of the preparation of the guerrilla base, he had depended mainly upon a group of valuable and discreet collaborators, who had remained in Monje's party when the division took place. It was due to deference to them that he invited him to visit the camp first, although he really wasn't the least bit sympathetic toward him. Later, he invited Moises Guevara, a mining and political leader who left that party in order to cooperate in the formation of another organization, and from which he later withdrew due to disagreements with Oscar Zamora—another Monje, who had once promised to work with Che on the organization of an armed guerrilla fight in Bolivia, and who later withdrew his commitments and cowardly folded his arms when the hour for action arrived, becoming one of the most poisonous critics in the name of "Marxism-Leninism" after Che's death. Without vacillating, Moises Guevara united with Che as he had agreed to do long before he had arrived in Bolivia, offering his support and giving his life heroically for the revolutionary cause.

The group of Bolivian guerrilla fighters who had remained in Monje's organization until then did likewise. Led by Inti and Coco Peredo, who later proved to be brave and outstanding combatants, they left him and firmly supported Che. But Monje, not satisfied with the outcome, began to sabotage the movement, intercepting well-trained communist militants in La Paz who were going to join the guerrilla. These facts demonstrate that there are men in the revolutionary lines who have all the necessary conditions for fighting and that their development is criminally frustrated only by incapable leaders, charlatans and maneuverers.

CHE WAS A MAN who was never personally interested in positions, power or honors, but was firmly convinced that in the revolutionary guerrilla fight—the fundamental form of action for the liberation of the peoples of Latin America, based on the economic, political

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and social situation of almost all Latin American countries —the military and political command of the guerrilla must be united and that the fight can be led only by the guerrilla and not by comfortable bureaucratic offices in the city. He was not willing to compromise on this point, nor to hand over the command of a guerrilla nucleus—destined to carry out during its final development a fight of such ample dimensions in South America—to an inexperienced empty-head with a narrow chauvinist outlook. Che thought that this chauvinism, which often infects even the revolutionary elements in the diverse countries of Latin America, must be fought against as a ridiculous and sterile reactionary sentiment. "And let us develop a true proletarian internationalism," he said in his message to the Tricontinental Congress, "the flag under which we fight would be the sacred cause of redeeming humanity. To die under the flag of Vietnam, of Venezuela, of Guatemala, of Laos, of Guinea, of Colombia, of Bolivia . . . to name only a few scenes of today's armed struggle—would be equally glorious and desirable for an American, an Asian, an African, even a European. Each spilt drop of blood, in any country under whose flag one has not been born, is an experience passed on to those who survive, to be added later to the liberation struggle of his own country. And each nation liberated is a phase won in the battle for the liberation of one's own country."

IN THE SAME WAY, Che thought that combatants from different Latin American countries should participate in the guerrilla detachment and that the Bolivian guerrilla should be a school for revolutionaries who would learn in combat. To help him with this task, he wanted to have by his side together with the Bolivians, a small nucleus of experienced guerrilla fighters, almost all of whom had been his comrades in the Sierra Maestra during the revolutionary fight in Cuba, and whose capacity, braveness and spirit of sacrifice were well-known to him. None of these men hesitated in responding to his request, none abandoned him and none gave up.

In the Bolivian campaign, Che acted with the very tenacity, mastery, stoicism and the exemplary attitude which were so characteristic of him. It can be said that being pervaded with the importance of the mission which he had assigned himself, he proceeded with a spirit of irreproachable responsibility at all times. When the guerrilla was careless, he hastened to take it into account, correct it and make note of it in his diary.

Adverse factors unbelievably built up against him; for example: the separation—which should have been for a short time—of part of the guerrilla, in which there was a group of valuable men, some of them sick or convalescent. The loss of contact with each other in a very rough terrain, was prolonged for interminable months and occupied Che's efforts in looking for them. During this period his asthma, which was usually easily controlled with a simple medicine, became a terrible enemy, and without the medicine attacked him unmercifully, converting this into a serious problem due to the fact that the medicines which had been wisely accumulated for the guerrilla were discovered and seized by the enemy. This, together with the annihilation at the end of August of that part of the guerrilla with which contact had been lost, were factors which considerably affected the development of events. But Che, with a will of steel, mastered his physical malaise, and he never slowed down action at any time nor did his spirit fall.

Che had numerous contacts with the peasants. Their character — extremely mistrustful and wary — didn't surprise him, as he knew their mentality perfectly for having dealt with them on other occasions, and he knew that prolonged, patient, arduous work was required to win them over to the cause. But he never harbored any doubt that this would be obtained in the long run.

If the chain of events is followed carefully, it can be found that even when the number of men on which he counted was greatly reduced, in September, some weeks before his death, the guerrilla still maintained its capacity for development, and some Bolivian cadres, such as Inti and Coco Peredo, were already beginning to show magnificent perspectives as chiefs. It was the ambush of Higueras that created an unsurmountable situation for them, the only successful army action against the detachment which Che commanded, killing the vanguard and wounding several other men in broad daylight when they were moving to a peasant zone with greater political development. This objective isn't written down in the diary, but is known by the survivors. It was undoubtedly dangerous to advance by day along the same route that they had been following for several days because of the inevitable constant contact with the inhabitants of the zone they were crossing for the first time. And there was the obvious certainty that the army would intercept them at any moment. But Che, fully conscious of this, decided to take the risk in order to help the doctor who was in very bad physical condition.

The day before the ambush, he wrote: "We reached Pujio, but there were people who had seen us down below the day before, which means we are being announced ahead of time by way of 'Radio Bemba'[1]. . ." "The march with mules is becoming dangerous, but I want the doctor to go as best as possible as he is very weak."

The following day he wrote: "At 13:00 the vanguard left to try to reach Jagüey and to make a decision there about the mules and the doctor." That is to say, he was hunting for a solution for the sick man, so as to abandon that route and to take the necessary precautions. But that very afternoon, before the vanguard reached Jagüey, the fatal ambush that brought about an unbearable situation for the detachment occurred.

Some days later, encircled in the Quebrada del Yuro, his last combat was fought.

(1) RADIO BEMBA: *This is the popular expression that is used in Cuba which refers to rumors that are widely spread from person to person. (Editor's note).*

THE PROWESS carried out by this handful of revolutionaries is deeply impressing. The fight alone against the hostile environment in which their action took place constitutes an insuperable page of heroism. Never before in history has such a small number of men undertaken such a gigantic task. The faith and the absolute conviction that the immense revolutionary capacity of the peoples of Latin America could be awakened, and the self-confidence

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and the tenacity with which they gave themselves to this objective, give us a just dimension of these men.

One day, Che said to the guerrilla fighters in Bolivia: "This type of fight gives us the opportunity of becoming revolutionaries, the highest level of the human species, and it also permits us to graduate as men; those that can not reach either of these two stages should say so and give up the fight."

Those that fought with him until the end have become worthy of such honors. They symbolize the type of revolutionaries and men which history is now summoning for a truly hard and difficult task: the revolutionary transformation of Latin America.

The enemy which faced our forefathers during the first fight for independence was a decadent colonial power. The revolutionaries of today have as their enemy the most powerful bulwark of the imperialist camp, equipped with the most modern techniques and industries. This enemy did not only reorganize and re-equip the Bolivian army — where the people had destroyed the previous military repressive forces —and immediately help with weapons and military assistants for the fight against the guerrillas, but they also offer military and technical aid to the same degree to all the repressive forces on this continent. And when these measures are not sufficient, they intervene directly with their troops, as they did in Santo Domingo.

To fight against this enemy, the type of revolutionaries and men of which Che spoke are required. Without this type of revolutionaries and men, willing to do what they did; without the spirit to face the great obstacles which they had; without the profound conviction of the justness of their cause and the unyielding faith in the invincible force of the people which they harbored, in the face of a power such as Yankee imperialism, whose military, technical and economic resources are being made felt in the entire world, the liberation of the peoples of this continent will not be achieved.

The North American people themselves, who are becoming conscious of the fact that the monstrous political superstructure which prevails in their country is no longer the idyllic, bourgeois republic established by its founders almost 200 years ago, are undergoing to an ever greater degree the moral barbarousness of an irrational, obsessed, brutal and inhuman system which engulfs ever more victims from among the North American people in its aggressive wars, its political crimes, its racial aberration, its niggardly hierarchy of the human being, and the repugnant squandering of economic, scientific and human resources of its overgrown, reactionary and repressive military apparatus, all this in the middle of a world which is 75 per cent underdeveloped and hungry.

But only the revolutionary transformation of Latin America could permit the people of the United States to settle accounts with imperialism itself, at the same time and at the same rate that the rising struggle of the North American people against imperialist policy could become a decisive ally of the revolutionary struggle in Latin America.

If this part of the hemisphere does not undergo a profound revolutionary transformation, the enormous difference and lack of balance which was produced at the beginning of the century between this powerful nation, which was rapidly industrialized at the same rate as it progressed by its own law of social and economic dynamics toward imperial heights, and the group of weak and thwarted nations in the other Balkanized part of the American continent submissive to the yoke of feudal oligarchies and their reactionary armies, will be but a pale reflection, not of the already great lack of economic, scientific and technical balance which now exists, but of the frightful lack of balance which the imperialist superstructure will impose at an even greater speed on the peoples of Latin America in the next 20 years.

In this way we shall become ever poorer, ever weaker, more dependent upon and enslaved by imperialism. This dark perspective equally affects the underdeveloped countries of Asia and Africa.

If the industrialized and well-instructed nations of Europe, with their Common Market and supranational scientific institutions, become perturbed by the possibility of getting left behind and contemplate with fear the perspective of being converted into economic colonies of Yankee imperialism, what does the future have to offer to the peoples of Latin America?

If in the light of this real and unquestionable situation which decisively affects the destiny of our peoples some liberal or bourgeois reformist or pseudorevolutionary charlatan, incapable of action, has an answer that is not a profound and urgent revolutionary transformation and one which could gather together all the moral, material and human forces to launch them forth in this part of the world in order to recover the economic and scientific-technical backwardness of centuries, greater still when compared to the industrialized world of which we are tributaries and will continue to be to an even greater degree, especially of the United States—and furthermore is able to give the formula, the magic way to accomplish this, different from the way conceived by Che, one which can wipe out oligarchies, despots, petty politicians, that is to say, nursemaids, and Yankee monopolies, the masters, and to be able to do it with all the urgency which the situation requires, then let him raise his hand to challenge Che.

Since no one really has an honest answer or a consequent action that implies a real hope for the almost 300 million human beings which compose the population of Latin America, desolatingly poor in the overwhelming majority, and which will reach 600 million within 25 years, who have the right to a material life, to culture and to civilization, the most honest thing to do would be to remain silent in the face of Che's gesture and those who fell by his side, defending their ideas with courage, because the heroic deed carried out by this handful of men, led by the noble ideal of redeeming a continent, will always be the greatest proof of what will power, heroism and human greatness can do. It is their example that will enlighten the consciences and preside at the struggle of the Latin American people, because the heroic cry of Che will reach the receptive ear of the poor and the exploited, for whom he gave his life, and many arms will be outstretched to wield the weapons and to achieve their final liberation.

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CHE WROTE HIS LAST LINES on the 7th of October. The following day, at 13 hours, in a narrow ravine where he proposed waiting for nightfall in order to break the encirclement, a large enemy troop made contact with them. The reduced number of men of which the detachment was composed on this date fought heroically until dusk—from individual positions located in the bed of the ravine and on the top edges—against the mass of soldiers who had surrounded and attacked them. Among those who fought in positions close to Che, there were no survivors. Since beside him were the doctor (El Medico) in the grave state of health mentioned earlier, and a Peruvian guerrilla, also in bad condition, everything seems to indicate that Che, until wounded, did his utmost to protect the withdrawal of these two comrades to a more secure place. The doctor was not killed during the same battle, but several days later at a not very distant point from the Quebrada der Yuro. The abruptness of the rocky, irregular terrain made visual contact among the guerrilla fighters very difficult and at times impossible. Those defending the position at the other entrance of the ravine several hundred meters from Che, among them Inti Peredo, held off the attack until dusk when they managed to get away from the enemy and leave for the previously agreed point of contact.

It has been established that Che continued fighting despite being wounded until the barrel of his M-2 rifle was destroyed by a shot, rendering it completely useless. The pistol he was carrying had no magazine. These incredible circumstances explain how he could have been captured alive. The wounds in his legs kept him from walking without help, but they were not fatal.

Moved to the town of Higueras, he lived approximately 24 hours more. He refused to exchange words with his captors and a drunken officer who tried to vex him received a slap across the face.

Gathered in La Paz, Barrientos, Ovando and other high military chiefs coldly made the decision to assassinate him. The details of the way they proceeded to carry out the treacherous agreement at the school in the town of Higueras are well-known. Major Miguel Ayoroa and Colonel Andrés Selnich, rangers trained by the Yankees, instructed Officer Mario Terán to proceed with the killing. When the latter, completely drunk, went into the place, Che, who had heard the shots which had just killed a Bolivian and a Peruvian guerrilla fighter, saw that the assassin vacillated, said firmly, "Shoot, don't be afraid!" The latter left, and again it was necessary for his superiors, Ayoroa and Selnich, to repeat the order, which he then proceeded to fulfill, firing with his machine gun from the waist down. The version had already gone around that Che had died several hours after combat, and therefore his executors had orders not to shoot at his chest or head so as not to induce fatal wounds. This cruelly prolonged Che's agony until a sergeant—also drunk—finally killed him with a pistol shot in his left side. Such a procedure is in brutal contrast to the respect that Che had, without a single exception, for the lives of numerous officials and soldiers of the Bolivian army whom he had taken prisoner.

The final hours of his existence in the power of his despised enemies must have been very bitter for him, but there was no man better prepared than Che to be put to such a test.

The way that the diary came into our hands cannot be divulged at the moment; it is enough to say that it required no monetary remuneration. It contains all the notes he wrote from the 7th of November, 1966, the day Che arrived at Ñanchuhuazu, until the 7th of October, 1967, the evening before the combat in the ravine in Yuro. There are only a few pages missing which are not in our hands but they correspond to dates on which nothing of any importance took place, and therefore do not alter the content of the diary in any way.

Although there was no doubt as to the authenticity of the document, all the photostatic copies were submitted to a rigorous examination not only for the purpose of proving the authenticity but also to check on any possible alteration, no matter how small. Furthermore, the dates were compared with the diary of one of the surviving guerrillas, coinciding both documents in all respects. The detailed testimony of the remaining guerrilla survivors who were witnesses to each and every one of the events also contributes to the proof of its authenticity. The result was reached with absolute certainty that all the photostats were true copies of Che's diary.

It was a fatiguing job to decipher the small and difficult handwriting, a task carried out with the laborious participation of his wife and comrade Aleida March de Guevara.

The diary will be published almost simultaneously in France, by the French editor Francois Masperó; in Italy, by editor Feltrinelli; in the German Federal Republic, Trikont Verlang; in the U.S.A., Ramparts Magazine; in France in the Spanish edition, Ediciones Ruedo Ibérico; Chile, Revista Punto Final; and in other countries.

!Hasta la Victoria Siempre!

FIDEL CASTRO

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GLOSSARY

ELEVADOR: *a particular kind of a mountain terrain suitable for guerrilla activities*
CAMBA: *a native of the eastern region of Bolivia*
ANTA: *American tapir*
BAGRE: *a whiskered river fish, typical of the zone*
GONDOLA: *popular Bolivian term for a bus*
BORO: *a fly which deposits larva when it bites*
CHOCLO: *sweet corn on the cob*
AYMARA: *an Indian of the high plains of Bolivia; his native tongue*
TATU: *armadillo*
CHACO: *land cultivated with fruits and vegetables*
CHAQUEO: *the preparation of land for the growing of fruits and vegetables*
HUMINTA: *rolls made with cornmeal*
TAPERA: *an abandoned Indian hut or a cabin for provisional use*
SACAMUELA: *tooth puller, a humorous term referring to a dentist*
PALMITO DE COROJO: *palm nut*
PALMITO: *palm heart*
TOTAI: *Bolivian term equivalent to the Cuban term "corojo"*
FIRME: *a level stretch at the top of a hill*
URINA: *fawn*
MOTE: *dried corn kernels, boiled without salt*
CHARQUI: *meat dried by the sun*
ACHACAO: *son of the wife; stepson*
JOCOS: *winter squash*
ZAPALLOS: *summer squash*
CACARE: *a small mountain bird which announces the arrival of men or animals with its call*
GUAJIRO: *Cuban term for peasant*
CHANCHO: *pig*
LOCRO: *soup made with rice, charqui, potatoes and other root vegetables typical of the eastern region of Bolivia*
HOCHI: *species of rodent*
YUCA: *root vegetable*
ABARCAS: *rustic sandals, brogues . .*
COTUDA: *having a goiter*
CHILCHEO: *fine rain*
CHANKAKA: *candy made from unrefined sugar*
CARACORE: *Indian term for fig*
CHUCHIAL: *bamboo field*

RELATION OF PSEUDONYMS THAT APPEAR IN THE DIARY

Pachungo: *Pacho*
Tumaini: *Tuma*
Bigotes: *El Loro — Jorge*
Estanislao: *El Negro — Mario — Monje**
Papi: *Ricardo — Chinchu*
Antonio: *Olo*
Joaquin: *Vilo*
Apolinar: *Polo*
Moro: *Morogoro — Muganga — El Médico*
Félix: *El Rubio*

Renán: *Iván*
Pan Divino: *Pedro*
Mauricio: *El Pelao — Carlos*
Chapaco: *Luis*

* *This should not be confused with the guerrilla of Joaquin's group whose pseudonym is also "Negro."*

EXPLANATORY NOTE

The pages missing in this diary are the following: January 4, 5, 8 and 9. February 8 and 9. March 14, April 4 and 5. June 9 and 10. July 4 and 5.

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THE DIARY OF CHE GUEVARA

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NOVIEMBRE, 1966

[7]

A NEW STAGE BEGINS TODAY. We arrived at the farm by night. The trip was quite good. After having entered, by way of Cochabamba, Pachungo and I, adequately disguised, made the necessary contacts and traveled in two jeeps for two days.

On nearing the farm we stopped, and only one of the vehicles approached so as not to arouse the suspicions of a nearby landowner who has been spreading the rumor that our enterprise might be dealing in the manufacture of cocaine. Strange as it may sound, the ineffable Tumaini is pointed out to be the chemist of the group. On approaching the farm during the second trip, Bigotes, who had just learned of my identity, almost ran off a cliff, leaving one jeep stranded on the border of the precipice. We walked approximately 20 kilometers and arrived somewhat past midnight at the farm where there are three party workers.

Bigotes made it clear that he is willing to collaborate with us, whatever the party might do, but he is loyal to Monje, whom he respects and seems to care for. According to him Rodolfo is also willing, and Coco as well, but adds that it is necessary to try to convince the party to fight. I asked him to help us and requested that he not inform the party until Monje, who is traveling to Bulgaria, has arrived. He agreed to both.

[8]

WE SPENT THE DAY in the heavily wooded area by the creek, scarcely 100 meters from the house. We were attacked by some kind of tree ducks, which don't peck but are very bothersome. We have come across the following species here: sheep and cattle ticks, tree ducks, gnats, marigui and mosquitos. Bigote pulled his jeep out with the help of Argañaraz and promised to buy some pigs and chickens from him. I intended to write a report of the incidents, but left it for next week when the second group is supposed to arrive.

[9]

AN UNEVENTFUL DAY. We made an exploration following the course of the River Ñacahuasu (really a creek) with Tumaini, but we did not reach the source. It runs through steep inclines and apparently the region is seldom frequented. With adequate discipline one could stay there for a long time. A heavy rain forced us out of the thicket and into the house. I picked six sheep or cattle ticks from my body.

[10]

PACHUNGO AND POMBO went out to explore with one of the Bolivian comrades, Serafin. They went somewhat farther than we and they reached the fork of the creek (and a stream) that seems to be good. On returning they stayed in the house loafing and were seen by Algarañaz' driver, who had brought back the men with some purchases they had made. I reprimanded them severely and we decided to move to the woods the following morning where we shall make camp permanently. Tumaini let himself be seen because he is considered to be just another employee of the farm. This will not do; it is necessary to find out whether they will permit us to bring more men, at least our own. I shall feel more at ease with them.

[11]

AN UNEVENTFUL DAY was spent in the new camp on the other side of the house, where we slept.

The infernal insects force one to seek cover in the hammock under mosquito netting (which only I have).

Tumaini went to visit Argañaraz from whom he bought some things like chickens and turkeys. It looks as though there are no great suspicions on his part yet.

[12]

ANOTHER UNEVENTFUL DAY. We made a brief exploration to prepare the ground that will be used for camp when the six of the second group arrive. The zone that was selected is on a mound and is located approximately 100 meters from the beginning of the tomb, and there is a hollow nearby where several caves can be dug for stowing food and other objects. By this time the first of the three groups of two, into which the band has been divided, should be on their way here. By the end of the coming week they should have arrived at the farm. My hair is growing, although very sparsely, and the grey hair is turning blond and is beginning to fall; my beard is growing. In a couple of months I shall be myself again.

[13]

SUNDAY. Some hunters, farm hands of Argañaraz, went by our lodging. They are men of the woods, young and single, and filled with intense hatred for their boss; ideal for recruiting. They informed us that there are houses eight leagues up the river and that there are some ravines with water. There is no other news.

[14]

A WEEK IN THE CAMP. Pachungo looks somewhat unadapted and sad, but he must get over it. Today we began work on a tunnel into which everything that could be compromising will be placed; it will be protected against humidity as well as possible and camouflaged with a log grating. The one-and-a-half meter deep well is already finished and work on the tunnel is well under way.

[15]

WORK ON THE TUNNEL GOES ON, Pombo and Pachungo in the morning, and Tumaini and I in the afternoon. At 6, when we stopped, it was already two meters deep. We intend to finish it tomorrow and to place everything compromising into it. During the night, the rain forced me to

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flee from my hammock, which gets wet because the nylon cover is too small. There was nothing else new.

[16]

THE TUNNEL WAS FINISHED and the entrance well-hidden; only the path has to be camouflaged; we shall move the things to our little house and store them tomorrow, sealing the entrance with a grating of sticks and clay. The sketch of this tunnel, marked No. 1, can be found in document I. The rest is the same as usual. We can expect news from La Paz, anytime after tomorrow.

[17]

THE TUNNEL IS FILLED with all the articles, including some canned food, that could compromise those in the house, and it has been camouflaged quite well.

There was nothing new from La Paz. The boys in the house talked with Argañaraz, from whom they bought some things, and he insists on participating in the cocaine business.

[18]

NO NEWS FROM LA PAZ. Pachungo and Pombo explored the creek again but are not convinced that it is an appropriate place for camp. We will explore it again with Tumaini on Monday. Argañaraz came and stayed quite a while repairing the road and taking stones from the river. The way it looks, he is not suspicious of our presence here. Everything occurs monotonously: the mosquitos and the sheep and cattle ticks are beginning to cause bothersome sores on the infected bites. It is quite cold in the early hours of the morning.

[19]

NO NEWS FROM LA PAZ. Nothing new here: we spent the day in hiding because it is Saturday, a day when the hunters are about.

[20]

AT NOON, Marcos and Rolando arrived. Now there are six of us. Right away, we started to go over the details of the trip. They came later than expected as they had not been notified until last week. They are the ones who traveled the fastest, by way of San Pablo. The arrival of the other four is not to be expected until next week.

Rodolfo came with them and made a good impression on me. Apparently he is more decided to break with everything than Bigote is. Papi violated instructions by informing him of my presence here and so did Coco; it looks like a case of jealousy concerning authority. I wrote to Manila and made some recommendations (documents I and II), and also wrote to Papi answering his questions. Rodolfo came back early in the morning.

[21]

THE FIRST DAY of the enlarged group. It rained hard and the moving to our new location gave us a good soaking. We are already settled. The tent turned out to be a canvas truck cover which becomes wet through and through, but it protects us to some extent. We have hammocks with nylon covers. Some more arms have come; Marcos has a Garand, Rolando will be given an M-1 from the stock. Jorge stayed with us, but in the house; there he will direct the work to be done in order to improve the farm. I requested that Rodolfo send us a reliable agronomist. We shall try to make this last as long as possible.

[22]

TUMA, JORGE AND I made an expedition along the Ñacahuasu River to inspect the newly discovered creek. The river could not be recognized due to yesterday's rain and made it difficult reaching the desired spot. This is a small stream of water with a well-closed outlet; it could be utilized for a permanent camp if it were prepared adequately. We returned at a little after 9 in the evening. Nothing new here.

[23]

WE INAUGURATED THE OBSERVATORY which overlooks the small house at the farm so as to be forewarned in case of inspection or troublesome visitors. While two go out on exploratory missions, the rest have to do three-hour guard duty. Pombo and Marcos explored the *firme* of our camp as far as the creek, which is still swollen.

[24]

PACHO AND ROLANDO went out to explore the creek; they should be back tomorrow. Last night, two of Argarañaz' farm hands "came strolling by" and paid an "unexpected visit" on us. There was nothing strange; however Antonio, who was on an expedition and Tuma, who officially lives in the house, were absent. Pretext: hunting.

Aliucha's birthday.

[25]

IT WAS REPORTED from the observatory that a jeep had arrived with a crew of two or three men. They turned out to be from the malaria prevention service and left as soon as they had taken blood samples. Pacho and Rolando arrived very late at night. They had found the creek on the map and explored it, following the main course until they found abandoned camps.

[26]

BEING SATURDAY, all of us remained quartered. I asked Jorge to make an exploration of the river bed on horseback to see how far it reaches; the horse was not here and so he went on foot to request one from Don Remberto (20 to 25 kilometers). By nightfall he had not returned. No news from La Paz.

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[27]

JORGE HAS NOT APPEARED YET. I issued an order to keep watch all night long, but at 9 the first jeep from La Paz arrived. Joaquin and Urbano came with Coco, and they also brought a Bolivian, a medical student called Ernesto, who has come to stay. Coco went back and brought Ricardo, Braulio, Miguel and another Bolivian, called Inti, who is also going to stay. Now there are 12 rebels in all, plus Jorge who acts as owner; Coco and Rodolfo will be in charge of contacts. Ricardo brought disturbing news: El Chino is in Bolivia and wants to see me and send 20 men. This will bring problems, because we will be internationalizing the struggle, without having taken Estanislao into consideration. We agreed that he be sent to Santa Cruz and that Coco would pick him up there and bring him back here. Coco left in one jeep early in the morning and Ricardo followed in the other in order to continue on to La Paz. Coco should pass by Remberto's to find out about Jorge. In a previous conversation with Inti, he said that he does not think Estanislao will join the uprising, but that he seems to have decided to cut ties.

[28]

IN THE MORNING, neither had Jorge appeared, nor had Coco returned. They came later on; nothing had happened; they had just stayed on at Remberto's. Slightly irresponsible.

I called the Bolivian group together that afternoon and brought up the question of the offer to send 20 Peruvians; they all agreed to having them sent, but not until we had begun operations.

[29]

WE WENT OUT to study the possibilities of the river and to explore the creek that will eventually be our new campsite. The group consisted of Tumaini, Urbano, Inti and myself. The creek was very safe but depressingly obscure. We shall try to find the other one which is located an hour away. Tumaini fell and apparently fractured his ankle. We arrived at the camp at night, after having measured the river. No change here; Coco went to Santa Cruz to wait for Chino.

[30]

MARCOS, PACHO, MIGUEL AND POMBO went on a mission with instructions to explore a more distant creek; they should be away for two days. It rained hard. In the house no changes.

MONTHLY ANALYSIS: *Everything has turned out quite well. I arrived without difficulty, and so did half of the men, although they were somewhat delayed; Ricardo's main collaborators will fight against all odds. The panorama looks good in this isolated region where everything indicates that we shall be able to stay here practically as long as we deem necessary.*

The plans are: to wait for the rest of the men, to increase the number of Bolivians to at least 20 and to begin operations. We still have to find out what Monje's reaction will be and how Guevara's people are behaving.

DICIEMBRE, 1966

[1]

THE DAY PASSED UNEVENTFULLY. At night, Marcos and his comrades arrived, having made a longer run than had been ordered, cutting through the hills. At 2 in the morning I was informed that Coco and another comrade had arrived. I put this off until tomorrow.

[2]

CHINO, in a very effusive state, arrived early. We spent the day chatting. The point of the matter is that he will go to Cuba and report the situation personally. Within two months, five Peruvians will be able to join us, that is, once operations have begun; for the time being, two will come, a radio technician and a physician, who will stay with us for some time. He asked for arms and I offered to give him a BZ, some mausers and grenades and to buy an M-1 for them. I also decided to help them send five Peruvians to establish a liaison in order to pass arms from the other side of Titicaca to a region near Puno. He told me of his troubles in Peru including a daring plan to free Calixto, which seems a little fantastic to me. He believes that some of the survivors of the guerrilla are operating in that area but is not absolutely certain of it because they could not reach the zone. The rest of the time was spent exchanging anecdotes. He took leave with the same enthusiasm, departing for La Paz and carrying our photos with him. Coco has instructions to prepare contacts with Sanchez (whom he shall see later) and to get in contact with the chief of information of the presidency, who has offered to help us because he is Inti's brother-in-law. The network is still very primitive.

[3]

NOTHING NEW. There are no exploratory expeditions because it is Saturday. The three farm hands left for Lagunillas to run some errands.

[4]

NOTHING NEW. Everybody is quiet because it is Sunday. I am giving a short informal talk concerning the war and our attitude toward the Bolivians who will soon be here.

[5]

NOTHING NEW. We had intended to go out today, but it rained all day long. There was some alarm caused by several unannounced shots fired by Loro.

[6]

APOLINAR, INTI, URBANO, MIGUEL and myself went out to start the second cave near the first creek. Miguel has come to replace Tuma, who has not yet recovered from the fall. Apolinar has declared that he is joining the guerrilla, but

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wants to go to La Paz to settle some personal affairs. He was given permission to go but was recommended to wait a while. We reached the creek shortly before 11; the trail was camouflaged and an exploration was made in order to find a suitable place for the cave, but it is rocky everywhere, and the creek trickles through pure stone beds when it runs dry. We put the exploration off until tomorrow. Inti and Urbano went out to try their luck at hunting deer, for food is very scarce and it has to be stretched until Friday.

[7]

MIGUEL AND APOLINAR located an appropriate place and put themselves to the task of building the tunnel; the tools are inadequate. Inti and Urbano returned with empty hands, but at dusk Urbano brought back a turkey which he had shot with an M-1, but since we already had food we left it for tomorrow morning's breakfast. Today we have reached the end of our first month's stay here, but for reasons of convenience, I shall write the synthesis at the end of each month.

[8]

WE WENT UP TO THE *firme* crowning the creek, accompanied by Inti. Miguel and Urbano kept working on the well. In the evening, Apolinar replaced Miguel. Marcos, Pombo and Pacho arrived at dusk, but Pacho was far behind and very tired. Marcos asked me to remove him from the vanguard if he did not improve. I marked the path to the cave, which can be found on sketch II. I left them the most important tasks to carry out during their stay. Miguel will remain with them and we shall return tomorrow.

[9]

WE RETURNED SLOWLY in the morning, arriving close to 12. Pacho received the order to stay when the group returned. We tried to make contact with camp 2, but could not. There was nothing else new.

[10]

THE DAY WENT BY without any new events, except for the first batch of homemade bread. I talked with Jorge and Inti about some urgent tasks. No news from La Paz.

[11]

THE DAY ELAPSED with nothing new, but at night Coco appeared with Papi. He brought Alejandro, Arturo and a Bolivian, Carlos. The other jeep remained behind on the road, the same as always. Later they brought the physician, Moro, Benigno and two Bolivians: both of them *cambas* from the farm in Caranavi. The night was spent making the customary commentaries about the trip and about the absence of Antonio and Felix, who should have arrived already. After discussion with Papi, it was decided that he still has to make two more trips in order to bring Renan and Tania.

The house and the warehouse will be disposed of and $1000 will be given as aid to Sanchez. He will keep the small truck and we shall sell a jeep to Tania and keep the other one. Another trip has to be made to bring arms, and I gave the order to carry everything in only one jeep, so as to avoid making the switch which can be more easily discovered. Chino left for Cuba, apparently with great enthusiasm and expects to come back here when he returns. Coco stayed here in order to go and look for food in Camiri, and Papi has left for La Paz.

A dangerous incident occurred. A hunter, El Vallegrandino, discovered a footprint made by one of us, found a glove which Pombo lost, saw the tracks and apparently told someone. That changes our plans and we must be very careful. El Vallegrandino will go out with Antonio tomorrow to show him where he set his elk traps. Inti told me that he did not trust Carlos, the student, as he began a discussion concerning the participation of the Cubans as soon as he arrived, plus the fact that he had previously said that he would not fight if the party didn't. Rodolfo had sent him because he said that everything was due to a misinterpretation.

[12]

I SPOKE WITH the entire group, giving them a lecture on the realities of war. I emphasized the need for discipline and unity of command and warned the Bolivians of the responsibility that they had undertaken in violating party discipline in order to adopt another line. I made the following appointments: Joaquin, as second military chief; Rolando and Inti, as commissars; Alejandro, as chief of operations; Pombo, services; Inti, finances; Ñato, supplies and arms; and for the time being, Moro, medical services.

Rolando and Braulio had gone out to warn the group that they should wait there quietly until El Vallegrandino had made the exploration with Antonio or had set his traps. They returned at night; the trap is not very far away. They got him drunk that night and he left contentedly with an entire bottle of Singani in his belly. Coco returned from Caranavi where he had bought the necessary food, but he had been seen by several people in Lagunillas, who were surprised by the quantity of it.

Marcos arrived with Pombo later, the former with a wound on his superciliary arch, which had happened while he was cutting a stick. Two stitches were taken.

[13]

JOAQUIN, CARLOS AND THE DOCTOR went out to join Rolando and Braulio. Pombo accompanied them but under orders to return today. I gave the order to cover the trail and to make another, starting from the same place but coming out at the edge of the river. It was carried out with such success that Pombo, Miguel and Pacho got lost on returning and continued along it.

Apolinar will go to his house in Viacha for a few days; he was given money for his family and was spoken to, recommending absolute secrecy. Coco took leave at dusk, but the alarm was given at 3, because noises and whistling

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were heard and a dog barked; it turned out to be Coco himself, lost in the woods.

[14]

AN UNEVENTFUL DAY. Vallegrandino went by the house to inspect the trap, because he had set it yesterday, contrary to what he had said before. The path in the woods was pointed out to Antonio so that he could take Vallegrandino along it, in order to avoid suspicion.

[15]

NOTHING NEW. Measures were taken to leave (eight men) and become permanently installed in camp 2.

[16]

IN THE MORNING, Pombo, Urbano, Tuma, Alejandro, Moro, Arturo, Inti and I, heavily laden down, left the camp to stay. The journey was made in three hours. Rolando stayed with us and Joaquin, Braulio, Carlos and the doctor returned. Carlos has proven to be a good walker and a good worker. Moro and Tuma discovered a cave in the river that had rather large fish and caught 17, which will provide a good meal; Moro injured his hand on a *bagre*. We looked for a place for the second cave, as the first one is already finished, and then stopped our work until tomorrow. Moro and Inti tried to hunt for the elk by themselves, and went out to spend the night lying in wait.

[17]

MORO AND INTI only brought back one turkey. We—Tuma, Rolando and I—engaged ourselves in the making of the second cave which should be ready tomorrow. Arturo and Pombo explored a site to place the radio and then began work on the road to the entrance which is in rather bad shape. At night it began to rain and continued until daybreak.

[18]

THE RAIN CONTINUED throughout the day, but work was carried on in the cave; the required depth of 2.5 meters has almost been reached. We inspected a hill in order to install the radio plant. It looks rather good; we can not be certain until the tests have been made.

[19]

IT WAS RAINY AGAIN today, and the weather did not entice one to walk, but close to 11, Braulio and Ñato arrived with the news that the river was fordable although still deep. On the way out, we ran into Marcos and his vanguard who had come to stay. He will be in command and has received the order to send three or five men, according to the possibilities. We reached our destination in a little more than three hours. Ricardo and Coco arrived at midnight and brought Antonio and El Rubio with them (they were not able to get passage last Thursday); as well as Apolinar, who has finally come to join us. Besides, Ivan came to discuss a whole series of matters. I practically did not sleep all night.

[20]

VARIOUS POINTS were being discussed and all was in order when the group from camp 2, led by Alejandro, came in with the news that there was a deer with a ribbon tied to its leg which had been shot and was lying on the road near the camp. Joaquin had gone by the place an hour before and had not reported anything. We took it for granted that Vallegrandino had taken it up there and had thrown it down and ran away for some reason or another. A sentry was placed in the rear and two men were sent to detain the hunter if he came back. In a while the news came that the deer had been dead for a long time and was wormy. Later Joaquin returned and confirmed that he had seen him. Coco and Loro brought Vallegrandino so that he could see the animal, and he admitted that it was an animal wounded by him several days ago. This concluded the incident.

It was resolved to hasten the contacts with the man from Information whom Coco had neglected and to have Megía serve as the contact between Ivan and him. This one will maintain relations with Megía, Sanchez and Tania and the one from the party who has still to be selected. Perhaps, he could be from Villamontes, but it has not been determined yet. A telegram was received from Manila stating that Monje is on his way up from the south. They have established a system of contacts, but it does not satisfy me because it clearly shows that Monje is not trusted by his own comrades. They will send a message from La Paz at 1 in the morning, if they have already gone to meet Monje.

Ivan has the possibility of doing business, but the sloppy passport which he has prevents him from doing so; the next step is to improve the document, and he should write to Manila to have this taken care of quickly by his friends.

Tania will soon be here for further instructions; I shall probably send her to Buenos Aires.

It has definitely been decided that Coco, Ricardo and Ivan will leave Camiri by plane and leave the jeep here. When they return they should telephone Lagunillas to report that they are there; Jorge will go at night to inquire for news and will look for them if there is anything positive. Nothing could be received from La Paz at 1. They left for Camiri early in the morning.

[21]

LORO DID NOT LEAVE ME the maps made by the explorer so that I still do not know what type of road there is to Yaqui. We started out in the morning and the walk was carried out without any mishaps. We shall try to have everything here on the 24th, the day when the party is to be held. On the way, we passed Pacho, Miguel, Benigno and Camba who were going to bring the electric plant. At 5 in the evening, Pacho and Camba came back without the plant, which they had left well-hidden in the woods, because it was too heavy. Tomorrow, five men will leave here to bring it. The supply cave was finished; tomorrow we shall start on the one for the radio.

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[22]

WE STARTED THE CAVE for the radioman, at the beginning with great success, in soft ground, but soon we came across a hard vein which did not allow us to advance.

They brought the electric plant which is rather heavy, but it has not been tried out due to the lack of gasoline. Loro sent word that he was not sending maps because the report was verbal and would come to deliver it tomorrow.

[23]

WE WENT OUT with Pombo and Alejandro to explore the *firme* on the left. We shall have to break trail, but it gives me the impression that it is easy to walk through. Joaquin came with two comrades, announcing that Loro could not come because the pig ran away and he had to go looking for it. There's nothing new about the journey made by El Lagunillero. In the evening, the pork arrived, good sized, but the drinks were missing. Loro is not even capable of getting these things; he seems to be very disorganized.

[24]

A DAY DEDICATED to Noche Buena. There were men who made two trips and arrived late, but we finally gathered together and had a good time; some overdid it. Loro explained that the trip of El Lagunillero had not been fructiferous and the only thing positive was the note, which wasn't very precise.

[25]

BACK TO WORK. There were no trips to the starting camp. It has been christened C 24, which was proposed by the Bolivian doctor. Marcos, Benigno and Camba went out to cut their way through the *firme* on our right, coming back in the evening with the news that they had seen something that looked like a barren pampa two hours away; they will reach it tomorrow. Camba came back with fever. Miguel and Pacho opened some paths on the left in order to mislead and made a trail to approach the radio cave. Inti, Antonio, Tuma and I continued on the cave for the radio, which is very difficult because it is a slab of stone. The rearguard took charge of making their camp and of hunting for a position-observation point both ends of the approaching river; the site is very good.

[26]

INTI AND CARLOS went out to explore as far as the point called Yaqui on the map. The trip is calculated to last two days. Rolando, Alejandro and Pombo continued on the cave, which is very difficult. Pacho and I went out to inspect the paths made by Miguel; it is not worth continuing the one through the *firme*. The path that approaches the cave is quite good and difficult to find. Two vipers were killed plus the one yesterday; apparently there are many. Tuma, Arturo, Rubio and Antonio went out hunting and Braulio and Ñato stayed to keep watch in the other camp. They came with the news that Loro had overturned in the jeep and with the explanatory note announcing the arrival of Monje. Marcos, Miguel and Benigno went out to continue building the path of the *firme* but didn't come back during the entire night.

[27]

WE WENT OUT WITH TUMA to try and find Marcos. We were walking toward the west for two-and-a-half hours until we reached the source of a small stream descending from the left side; there we followed the footprints down rather high cliffs. I expected to reach the camp this way, but hours elapsed and I did not arrive. After 5 in the afternoon we reached Ñacahuasu, some five kilometers below camp 1, and at 7, the camp. There we found out that Marcos had spent the previous night there. I did not send anybody to notify them, because I thought that Marcos had told them of my probable route. We saw the wrecked jeep; Loro had gone to Camiri to look for some spare parts. According to Ñato, he fell asleep at the wheel and overturned.

[28]

WHEN WE WERE LEAVING for the camp, Urbano and Antonio arrived looking for me. Marco had gone with Miguel to open a path to the camp through the *firme* and had not arrived; Benigno and Pombo went out looking for me, taking the very same path that we had. When I reached the camp, Marcos and Miguel were there; they had slept in the *firme* as they could not reach the camp; the former complained about the way they had treated me. It seems that the complaint was directed against Joaquin, Alejandro and the doctor. Inti and Carlos had returned without having found an inhabited house, only an abandoned one which presumably is not the one marked on the map as Yaqui.

[29]

WE WENT TO THE BARREN HILL with Marcos, Miguel and Alejandro in order to observe the situation. It seems to be the beginning of the Pampa del Tigre; it is a chain of mountains of uniform height and bare hills, located at some 1500 meters. The *firme* on the left must be rejected because it takes the form of an arch towards Ñacahuasu. We came down and reached the camp in an hour and 20 minutes. Eight men were sent to look for supplies but did not bring the entire load. Rubio and the doctor replaced Braulio and Ñato. The former built another path before coming; this one starts with some stones in the river and leads to the other side by way of more stones, thereby leaving no traces. No work was done on the cave. Loro left for Camiri.

[30]

DESPITE THE RAIN that had fallen, which caused the river to rise, four men were sent to dispose of the things that were left in camp 1; it was left clean. There was no news from outside. Six men went to the cave and put away everything that was to be stored there. The oven could not be finished because the clay was soft.

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[31]

AT 7:30 THE DOCTOR arrived with the news that Monje had arrived. I went with Inti, Tuma, Urbano and Arturo. The reception was cordial but tense. The question: Why are you here? was in the air. He was accompanied by "Pan Divino," the new recruit, and Tania, who came to receive instructions, and Ricardo, who is going to stay.

The conversation with Monje was initiated with generalities, but he soon brought up the fundamental questions, summarized into three basic conditions:

1) He would resign from the leadership of the party, but would succeed in obtaining at least its neutrality and would bring cadres for the struggle.

2) The political and military leadership of the struggle would correspond to him as long as the revolution had a Bolivian environment.

3) He would handle the relations with other South American parties, trying to bring them to a position of supporting the Liberation Movements (he gave Douglas Bravo as an example).

I answered that the first point was up to him as secretary of the party, although I considered his position erroneous. It was vacillating and expedient and served to protect the historical name of those who should be condemned because of their submissive position. Time will prove that I am right.

As to the third point, I had no objections to his attempting to do that but it was doomed to failure. Asking Codovila to support Douglas Bravo was the same as asking him to condone a revolt within the party. Time here will also be the judge.

As to the second point, I could not accept it in any way. I would be the military chief and would not accept ambiguities concerning this. Here the discussion turned into a stalemate and ended up in a vicious circle.

We agreed that he would think it over and talk to the Bolivian comrades. We went to the new camp, and there he talked with everyone and gave them the choice of staying or supporting the party. Everyone chose to stay and this surprised him.

At 12, we made a toast, pointing out the historical importance of the date. I answered, taking advantage of his words, and marked this as the new *Grito de Murillo* of the Continental Revolution, and said that our lives did not mean anything when faced with the deeds of the revolution.

MONTHLY ANALYSIS: *The team of Cubans has been completed successfully, the morale is good and there are only little problems. The Bolivians are fine, although they are few in number. Monje's attitude can hold back the development on one side but contribute on the other, by releasing me of political entanglements. The next steps, besides waiting for more Bolivians, consists in talking with Moises Guevara and the Argentinians, Mauricio and Jozamy (Massetti and the dissident party).*

ENERO, 1967

[1]

IN THE MORNING, without discussing it with me, Monje said that he was withdrawing and that he would present his resignation to the party leaders on the 8th of January. Acording to him his mission was finished. He left looking as though he were being led to the gallows. My impression is that when he found out from Coco of my decision not to give in on strategic matters, he took advantage of this point to force the rupture, as his arguments are inconsistent.

In the afternoon, I brought everyone together and explained Monje's attitude to them, announcing that we would unite with all those who wanted to make the revolution. And I foretold of difficult times and days of moral anguish for the Bolivians; we shall try to solve their problems by means of collective discussion or through political commissars.

I arranged Tania's trip to Argentina in order to interview Mauricio and Jozami, so as to arrange a meeting with them here. We decided on the duties that were to be carried out by Sanchez, and agreed on leaving Rodolfo, Loyola and Humberto in La Paz for the present, one of Loyola's sisters in Camiri and Calvimonte in Santa Cruz. Mito will travel around the zone of Sucre to see where he can settle. Loyola will be in charge of finances and 80,000 will be sent, out of which 20,000 are to be used for the truck that Calvimonte should buy. Sanchez will get in touch with Guevara for an interview. Coco will go to Santa Cruz to interview one of Carlos' brothers and put him in charge of receiving the three that are to come from Havana. I wrote the mesage to Fidel which is in document C ZO #2.

[2]

THE MORNING WAS SPENT writing the letter in code. The others (Sanchez, Coco, and Tania) left in the afternoon, when Fidel's speech was over. He referred to us in such a way that we are even more obligated, if that's possible.

The only work done in the camp was on the cave; the rest went out to look for the things from the other camp. Marcos, Miguel and Benigno went out to explore the north; Inti and Carlos explored the Ñacahuasu until they ran into people; Joaquin and El Medico should explore the Yaki River until they reach the mouth or run into people. They all have five days at the most.

After leaving Monje, the men arrived at the camp with the news that El Loro had not yet returned.

[3]

WE WORKED ON THE ROOFING of the cave, without achieving it; we must finish it tomorrow. Only two men went to pick up the load and they brought back the news that everyone had left last night. The rest of the comrades dedicated their time to the task of roofing the kitchen; now it's ready.

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[6]

MARCOS, JOAQUIN, ALEJANDRO and I went to the barren *firme* in the morning. There I made the following decision: Marcos, together with El Camba and Pacho, will try to reach the Ñacahuasu on the right, trying to avoid being seen; Miguel, with Braulio and Aniceto, will search for a passage through the *firme* in order to make the main trail; Joaquin, with Benigno and Inti, will look for the pass to Rio Frias which, according to the map, runs parallel to the Ñacahuasu, on the other side of the *firme*, which must be the Tiger Pampa.

In the afternoon, El Loro arrived with two mules which he had bought for 2000 pesos; a good buy; the animals are docile and strong. An order was given to look for Braulio and Pacho so that he could leave tomorrow; Carlos and El Medico will take over for them.

After class, I held forth on the topic of the necessary qualities of the guerrilla fighter and the need for more discipline, and explained that our mission, above all, was to form a nucleus of steel to serve as example, and in this way explained why it is so necessary to study, an imperative need for the future. After that, I brought together the heads of the groups: Joaquin, Marcos, Alejandro, Inti, Rolando, Pombo, El Medico, El Ñato and Ricardo. I explained why Joaquin had been chosen as second in command, which was due to some mistakes on Marcos' part which were constantly being repeated; I criticized the attitude taken by Joaquin due to the incident with Miguel on New Year's Day and followed up by explaining some of the tasks which must be carried out in order to improve our organization. At the end, Ricardo told me of something which took place between him and Ivan, in front of Tania, in which they cursed each other, and Ricardo ordered Ivan to leave the jeep. These disagreeable incidents among the comrades are spoiling our work.

[7]

THE EXPLORERS LEFT. The *gondola* was made up of only Alejandro and El Ñato; the rest were doing camp duties; the electric plant and all of Arturo's things were moved; an additional little roof was made for the cave and the well was repaired. Also, a little bridge was made over the creek.

[10]

A CHANGE WAS MADE in the permanent watch at the old camp; Rubio and Apolinar replaced Carlos and El Medico. The river remained swollen, even though it was going down. El Loro went to Santa Cruz and hasn't returned.

El Medico (Moro), Tuma and I, climbed the Pampa del Tigre with Antonio, who was to stay in charge of the camp. There I explained to Antonio what his duties were to be in relation to the exploration of a creek that might be situated west of our camp. From there, we searched for a connection with Marcos' old trail, which was rather easy to find. Six of the explorers arrived at dawn: Miguel, with Braulio and Aniceto, and Joaquin, with Benigno and Inti. Miguel and Braulio reached a river exit which cut through the *firme* and fell into another which seems to be the Ñacahuasu. Joaquin went down the river, which must be El Frias, and followed it a little way. This must be the same one that the other group followed, which means that our maps are not so bad, as both rivers are separated by a wooded area and flow into El Grande by way of separate outlets. Marcos still hasn't returned.

A radio message was received from Havana, saying that El Chino and El Medico will depart on the 12th, and the radio technician and Rea on the 14th. No mention is made of our other two comrades.

[11]

ANTONIO LEFT to explore the adjacent creek with Carlos and Arturo; he returned at night and the only solid news which he brought was that the stream ended in the Ñacahuasu, in front of the grazing area where we hunt.

Alejandro and Pombo, who were making maps in Arturo's cave, came with the news that my books were wet; some were ruined and the radio equipment was wet and rusted. Adding this to the fact that the two radios are broken shows a sad view of Arturo's aptitudes.

Marcos arrived at night. The Ñacahuasu River didn't turn up where it was expected to and it didn't even reach the fork of the river which was presumed to be the Frias River. We began studying *quechua* with Aniceto and Pedro as our teachers.

Day of *boro;* fly larvae were removed from Marcos, Carlos, Pombo, Antonio, Moro and Joaquin.

[12]

THE GONDOLA WAS SENT to bring what was left. El Loro still hasn't returned. We practiced climbing the hills of our creek but this meant two or three hours for the sides and only seven minutes in the center; this is where we shall have to carry out the defense. Joaquin told me that Marcos was hurt because of the reference that was made to his errors in the meeting the other day. I have to speak to him.

[13]

I SPOKE TO MARCOS; he complained because the criticism took place in front of the Bolivians. His argument was senseless. Except for his emotional state, worth considering; all the rest was unimportant.

Some despicable phrases which Alejandro had used against him were mentioned. This was cleared up and it appears as though there were no bad intentions, nothing except a little gossip. Marcos calmed down a little.

Inti and Moro went hunting, but brought nothing back.

Groups went out to make caves in a place that could be reached by mules, but nothing could be done along this line, and it was decided to make a hut close to the ground. Alejandro and Pombo studied the defense of the entrance and marked off trenches: they will continue tomorrow. Rubio and Apolinar returned and Braulio and Pacho went to the old camp. No news from Loro.

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[14]

MARCOS, WITH HIS VANGUARD, except for Benigno, went downstream to make the shelter. They should have returned at night, but came back at noon because of the rain, without having finished the hut.

Joaquin led the group which began work on the trenches. Moro, Inti, Urbano and I departed to make a path which would border our position across the *firme* on the right of the creek, but it did not turn out well and it was necessary to scale rather dangerous cliffs. It began to rain at midday and all activities were stopped. No news of Loro.

[15]

I STAYED IN THE CAMP, writing instructions for the cadres in the city. Because it was Sunday, we worked only half a day: Marcos with the vanguard on the hut, the rearguard and the center on the trenches. Ricardo, Urbano and Antonio tried to improve on the path opened yesterday, but without success because there was a steep cliff between the hill that leads to the river and the *firme*.

No trips were taken to the old encampment.

[16]

WORK WAS CONTINUED on the trenches, which still have not been finished. Marcos has almost completed his task, constructing quite a good little house. El Medico and Carlos replaced Braulio and Pedro, who arrived with the news that Loro had returned and was coming with the mules, but he did not appear, in spite of the fact that Aniceto went to meet him. Alejandro has symptoms of malaria.

[17]

A DAY OF LITTLE MOBILITY; the first line trenches and the hut are finished.

El Loro came to make the report of his trip. When I asked him why he had gone, he answered that he thought that his trip was taken for granted, and confessed that he had gone to visit a woman that he had there. He brought the harness for the mule but could not manage to make him walk in the river.

There is no news of Coco; by this time it is alarming.

[18]

THE DAY DAWNED CLOUDY, so I did not inspect the trenches. Urbano, Ñato, the doctor (Moro), Inti, Aniceto and Braulio left on the *gondola*. Alejandro did not work because he was feeling ill.

A short time later, it began to pour. Loro arrived under the downpour to inform me that Argañaraz had spoken to Antonio, implying that he knew many things and offering to collaborate in cocaine or in whatever we were doing, meaning by "whatever we are doing" that he suspected that there was something else. I gave instructions to Loro to commit him but to offer little, only the payment for the trips which he made in his jeep, and to threaten him with death if he betrays us. Due to the heavy rain, Loro left immeditely to avoid being cut off by the river.

The *gondola* did not arrive at 8 and permission was given to eat the food of the *gondoleros,* which was devoured. Braulio and Ñato arrived a few minutes later, informing us that the swelling waters had surprised them on the way; all of them tried to follow, but Inti had fallen into the water, had lost his rifle and was injured. The rest decided to spend the night there and these two arrived with difficulty.

[19]

THE DAY BEGAN as usual, working on defense measures and improving the camp. Miguel fell ill with a high fever that has all the characteristics of malaria. I had chills all day, but the illness did not overtake me.

The four stragglers arrived at 8 in the morning and brought a good supply of *choclos*. They had spent the night huddled around the fire. They waited for the river to go down in order to recover the rifle.

About 4 in the afternoon, when Rubio and Pedro had left to take over for the others on watch in the other camp, Lieutenant Fernandez and four civilian-dressed policemen arrived in a rented jeep, looking for the cocaine factory. They only looked over the house and observed some strange things, such as the calcium carbide bought for our lamps, which had not been taken to the cave. They took the pistol from Loro, but left the mauser and the .22; they "pretended" to take the .22 from Argañaraz, which they showed to Loro, and withdrew with the warning that they knew everything and had better take them into account. Lt. Fernandez told Loro that he could reclaim the pistol in Camiri, saying "just come and talk to me, without calling much attention." He asked for the "Brazilian."

Loro was given instructions to threaten El Vallegrandino and Argañaraz, who must be responsible for the espionage and informing, and to go to Camiri on the pretext of hunting for the pistol in order to get in contact with Coco (I doubt that he's still free). We must stay in the woods as much as possible.

[20]

I INSPECTED THE POSITIONS and gave orders for carrying out the defense plan which was explained last night. It's based on the rapid defense of a zone bordering the river, which depends on a counterattack from the men of the vanguard stationed parallel to the river, which flows into an outlet at rearguard.

We intended to have practice drills, but the situation is becoming dangerous in the old camp; a *gringo* arrived at the farmhouse firing bursts with his M-2; he is "a friend" of Argañaraz and has come to spend a few days of vacation at his house. Exploring parties are being sent out, and we shall move the camp to a spot closer to Argañaraz' house. If things go wrong, we shall get even with him before we leave the zone.

Miguel's temperature continues to be high.

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[21]

THE SHAM BATTLE was carried out, which failed at certain points but was good in general. It is necessary to insist on the withdrawal, which was the weakest point of the drill. The commissions departed: one, with Braulio to open a trail parallel to the east, and another with Rolando to do the same in the west. Pacho went to the barren hill to try out the radio equipment, and Marcos departed with Aniceto to try to find a way in which to keep an adequate watch on Argañaraz. All, except Marcos, should have returned before 2. Both the audio check and the pathmaking turned out well.

Marcos returned early, as the rain prevented all possible visibility. Pedro arrived in the rain, bringing Coco with him, together with three new recruits: Benjamin, Eusebio and Walter. The first comes from Cuba and goes to the vanguard, as he has knowledge of weapons, and the other two to the rearguard. Mario Monje spoke to three who came from Cuba and persuaded them not to enter the guerrilla. Not only did he not resign from the Party Committee but he also sent the enclosed document to Fidel (document IV). I received a note from Tania in which she told of her departure and Ivan's illness, and another from him, which is enclosed (document V).

I brought the entire group together at night, and read the document, pointing out the inaccuracy of points a) and b) contained in the proposals, and then I let off a little additional steam. They seem to have reacted adequately. Two of the three new ones seem to have firm convictions and are sure of what they are doing. The youngest is an Aymaran peasant, who looks strong and healthy.

[22]

A 13-MEN *gondola* WAS SENT OUT, and Braulio and Walter went with them to replace Pedro and El Rubio. They returned in the afternoon without all the supplies. On returning, El Rubio suffered a tremendous fall but was not seriously hurt.

I wrote a document to Fidel, No. 3, in order to explain the situation and to try out the mailing contact. It should be sent to La Paz with Guevara if he appears for the appointment in Camiri on the 25th.

I wrote the instructions for the urban cadres, the Document III. Due to the *gondola,* there wasn't much activity in the camp. Miguel is better, but now Carlos has a high temperature. The tuberculine test was made today. Two turkeys were shot down while hunting, and an animal fell into the trap, but he was able to escape because the trap cut off his paw.

[23]

TASKS IN THE CAMP and some explorations were divided up: Inti, Rolando and Arturo were sent to search for an eventual hiding place that could be used by the doctor for the wounded. Marcos, Urbano and I went to explore the hills facing us, hunting for the spot from which Argañaraz' house can be seen. It was well done.

Carlos is still feverish; typical malaria.

[24]

THE *gondola* LEFT WITH seven men, returning early with the entire load and also some corn; this time it was Joaquin who took the tumble, losing his Garand, but recovering it late. El Loro is back and hidden; Coco and Antonio are still out and should be here tomorrow or the day after with Guevara.

One of the roads was improved to be used to surround the guards in case of an eventual defense of these positions. An explanation was given of the other day's practice, correcting some errors.

[25]

WE WENT OUT WITH MARCOS to explore the road that would lead to the rearguard of the attackers; it took almost an hour to reach there, but the place was very good.

Aniceto and Benjamin went to try out the transmitter from the hill that overlooks Argañaraz' house, but they got lost and so no test was made; the practice must be repeated. Work has begun on another cave for personal belongings. El Loro arrived and has been incorporated in the vanguard. Loro spoke to Argañaraz and told him what I thought. He admitted having sent the *vallegrandino* to spy, but denied being the author of the denunciation. Coco scared the latter away from the house, because he had been sent by Argañaraz to spy. A message was received from Manila, reporting that everything had been received in good order and that Kolle was on his way to the place where Simon Reyes is waiting for him. Fidel warns that he will listen and be hard on them.

[26]

JUST AS WE WERE BEGINNING WORK on the new cave, news came that Guevara had arrived with Loyola: we left for the little house in the intermediate camp and they reached there at 12.

I put forth my conditions to Guevara: group dissolution, no ranks for anybody, no political organization yet and the necessity to avoid polemics about national and international discrepancies. He accepted everything with frank sincerity and, after a cool beginning, relations with the Bolivians became cordial.

Loyola made a good impression on me. She is very young and gentle, but a faultless determination can be noted. She is on the point of being expelled from the Youth Movement, but they are trying to make her resign. I gave instructions and documents to the cadres, and replaced the money spent, which adds up to 70,000 pesos. We are becoming short of money.

Dr. Pareja was named chief of the network, and Rodolfo will come to join us within 15 days.

I sent a letter with instructions to Ivan (document VI).

I gave instructions to Coco to sell the jeep but to assure communications with the farm.

At nightfall, we parted, at approximately 7 o'clock. They will leave tomorrow night and Guevara will come with the first group of four on the 14th of February. He

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said he could not come before that, due to communications and to the dropping out of the men because of the carnival.

More powerful radios will come for transmitting.

[27]

A STRONG *gondola* was sent which brought almost everything. Coco and the messengers should leave tonight; they will remain in Camiri, and Coco will go on to Santa Cruz to arrange for the sale of the jeep, making preparations for after the 15th.

The work on the cave continues. A *tatu* was caught in the trap. The preparation of supplies for the trip is being finished. In principle, we should leave when Coco comes back.

[28]

THE *gondola* CLEARED out the old encampment. Information was brought saying that *El Vallegrandino* was surprised while circling the cornfield, but he escaped.

Everything indicates that the moment of making a decision as to what to do about the farm is close.

Supplies for the ten-day march are now ready and the date has been set: one or two days after Coco's arrival, or on the 2nd of February.

[29]

A DAY OF IDLENESS for everyone except the cooks, hunters and sentry. Coco arrived in the afternoon. He went to Camiri instead of Santa Cruz. He left Loyola to continue to La Paz by bus and Moises will go to Sucre by bus. Sunday was set as contact day.

The 1st of February was established as the day of departure.

[30]

THE *gondola* WAS MADE up of 12 men and transported the greatest part of the food. It will take five men to bring what's left.

The hunters did not bring back anything.

The cave to be used for personal belongings is finished; it is not very good.

[31]

THE LAST DAY IN THE CAMP. The *gondola* cleared the old campsite and withdrew the men on watch. Antonio, Ñato, Camba and Arturo stayed behind with the following instructions: get in touch at least every three days; as long as there are four, two will be armed; the watch must never be neglected; the newcomers should be trained according to the general regulations, but they must not know any more than is absolutely necessary; the site must be freed of all personal effects, and the weapons will be hidden in the thicket and covered with a canvas; the money in reserve must remain in the camp at all times, to be kept on one of the men; the trails that have been opened are to be explored as well as the neighboring creeks. In case of an unexpected withdrawal, Antonio and Arturo will go to Arturo's cave; Ñato and Camba will withdraw by way of the creek and one will leave word at the place that is to be selected tomorrow. If there are more than four men, a group will keep watch on the supply cave.

I spoke to the troops, giving the latest instructions concerning the march. I also addressed Coco, giving him the latest instructions (document VII).

MONTHLY ANALYSIS: *As to be expected, Monje's attitude was evasive at first and later on treacherous.*

The party is now taking up arms against us and I do not know what it will lead to, but it will not test us, and it may in the long run prove beneficial (I am almost certain of this). The most honest and combative men are with us, although they have occasional struggles with their consciences.

Up until now, Guevara has responded well. We shall see how he and his men behave in the future.

Tania has departed but there have been no signs of life from the Argentinians nor from her. Now is when the actual guerrilla period begins; we shall test the troops and time will tell the results and what the perspectives of the Bolivian Revolution are.

Out of all that was foreseen, the incorporation of Bolivian combatants was what took the longest to accomplish.

FEBRERO, 1967

[1]

THE FIRST STAGE has been completed. The men arrived somewhat tired, but in general they carried out their part well. Antonio and Ñato came up in order to agree on the watchword, hauling my knapsack and Moro's, who is still recovering from malaria.

An alarm system was set inside a bottle under a tree close to the path.

In the rearguard, Joaquin gave way under the weight and held the entire group back.

[2]

A SLOW AND LABORIOUS DAY. The doctor slows down the march a little, but in general the tempo is slow anyway. At 4 we reached the last place with water and camped. The Vanguard received the order to go as far as the river (presumably the Frias) but they were not making good time either. It rained at night.

[3]

THE DAY DAWNED RAINY and because of this we postponed our departure until 8. When we started to walk, Aniceto arrived with the rope to help us through the difficult passes, and shortly after, it started to rain again. We arrived at the creek at 10, soaking wet, and it was decided not to go on today. The creek can not be the Frias River; it is simply not on the map.

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Tomorrow, the vanguard will go out with Pacho at the front, and we shall keep in touch every hour.

[4]

WE WALKED FROM MORNING until 4 in the afternoon, with a two hour break to eat soup at noon. The path followed the Ñacahuasu, which is relatively good, but fatal for shoes, as there are already several comrades who are almost barefoot.

The troop is tired but everyone has responded quite well. I have been relieved of almost 15 pounds and can walk freely, but the pain in my shoulders becomes unbearable at times.

No traces have been found that people have recently been along the river, but we should come across inhabited zones at any moment according to the map.

[5]

UNEXPECTEDLY, after walking five hours in the morning (12-14 kilometers) we were told by the vanguard that they had found some animals (it turned out to be a mare and its small colt). We stopped and ordered an exploration so as to avoid this presumably populated place. The discussion was whether we were at the Iripiti or at the fork with the Saladillo marked on the map. Pacho came back with the news that there was a big river several times larger than the Ñacahuasu and that it could not be crossed. We went there and actually came upon the authentic Rio Grande, which was swollen besides. There were signs of life but somewhat old, and the roads followed led to grass-covered fields where there were no signs of life. We camped in a bad place, near the Ñacahuasu to take advantage of its water, and tomorrow we shall explore both sides of the river (east and west) to become acquainted with the different places, and the other group will attempt crossing it.

[6]

A DAY OF CALM and of replenishing strength. Joaquin went out with Walter and the doctor to explore the Rio Grande, following its course for eight kilometers but did not find a place to ford, finding only a creek with salt water. Marcos made little progress against the current and did not reach the Frias; Aniceto and Loro accompanied him. Alejandro, Inti and Pacho tried to swim across the river, but they did not make it. We moved back almost a kilometer, looking for a better location. Pombo is rather sick.

Tomorrow we shall start work on the raft and make an attempt to cross it.

[7]

THE RAFT WAS MADE under the direction of Marcos; it was too big and was difficult to move. At 1:30 we began to move towards the river and began crossing at 2:30. The vanguard made it in two trips. Half of the center plus my clothes, except for the knapsack, went on the third; when crossing again to move the rest of the center, Rubio miscalculated and the raft was carried downstream and couldn't be recovered. It was destroyed and Joaquin started another one which was ready at 9 in the evening, but it was not necessary to cross at night because it did not rain and the river continued to go down. Tuma, Urbano, Inti, Alejandro and I were left from the center. Tuma and I slept on the ground.

[10]

ACTING AS INTI'S AIDE, I went to talk to the peasants. I believe that the comedy was not very effective due to the shyness on his part.

We talked to a typical peasant: capable of helping us but incapable of realizing the danger that this entails, and because of this, potentially dangerous. He indicated certain things about the peasants, but he could not be very precise due to the lack of certainty.

The doctor treated the children who had parasitic worms, and another who had been kicked by a mare, and then we departed. We spent the afternoon and night preparing *huminta* (it isn't good). At night, I made some observations to all of the comrades gathered together, about the following ten days. In essence, what I intend to do is walk ten more days towards Masicuri in order to have all the comrades see soldiers close up; later we shall try to return by way of the Frias River in order to leave another trail explored.

(The peasant is called Rojas.)

[11]

MY FATHER'S BIRTHDAY: (67). We followed a clearly marked trail along the shore of the river until it became almost impassable and disappeared at times, showing signs that nobody had passed through there in a long time. At noon, we reached a place next to a large river which was completely closed off. This suddenly made me doubt that it was the Masicuri. We halted by a creek while Marcos and Miguel went to explore up-river in order to find its outlet. That's how it was confirmed that this one is the Masicuri; its first ford seems to be farther downstream, where several peasants were seen from far off loading their horses. They have probably seen our tracks, so from now on it is necessary to be extremely cautious. We are one or two leagues from Arenales, according to what the peasant said.
h = 760 ms.

[12]

THE TWO KILOMETERS covered yesterday by the vanguard were walked rapidly, but after that the trailbreaking was done slowly. At 4 in the afternoon we reached the main road which seemed to be the one we were looking for. We decided to reject the house that stood facing us on the other side of the river and to look for another one on this side, which should be Montaño's, the one that was recommended by Rojas. Inti and Coco went up there but did not not find anyone, although everything indicated that this was it.

At 7:30 we went out on a night march which served to point out all that has yet to be learned. At approximately 10, Inti and Loro went to the house again but didn't bring back very good news: the man was drunk and not at all

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sociable; he had nothing but corn. He had gotten drunk at Caballero's house on the other side of the river, where the ford is. We decided to stay and sleep in a nearby woods. I was extremely tired because the *humintas* hadn't agreed with me, and therefore had not eaten anything all day.

[13]

AFTER MIDNIGHT, a heavy rain whipped down which lasted all morning, swelling the river. The news improved: Montaño is the owner's son, about 16 years old. The father was not there and wouldn't be back for another week. He gave us sufficient precise information as far as the lower part of the river, which is a league away. A stretch of road runs along the left shore, but it is small. Only the brother of Perez lives on this side; he is a middle-class peasant, and his daughter is the girlfriend of a member of the army. We moved to a new camp, next to the creek and the corn patch. Marcos and Miguel built a trail to the main road.
h=650 (stormy weather)

[14]

A DAY OF QUIET, spent in the same camp. The boy from the house came three times to warn us that some people had crossed over to the other side of the river looking for some pigs—but went no further. He was paid more for the destruction done to the corn patch. All day was spent opening trails without finding any houses. They figure that they have prepared about six kilometers, half of the task for tomorrow.

A long message from Havana was deciphered, the nucleus of which is the news of the interview with Kolle. In it, Kolle said that he had not been informed of the continental magnitude of the task, and this being the case, he would be willing to collaborate on a plan, the characteristics of which and Ramirez would be the ones to come. They also informed me that Simon had expressed that he has decided to help us, no matter what the party resolves to do.

They also said that El Frances, traveling with his own passport, will arrive in La Paz on the 23rd and will stay in Pareja's or Rhea's house. There is a part that cannot be deciphered so far.

We shall see how we face this new conciliatory offensive. Other news: Merci appeared without the money claiming robbery; misapplication of funds is suspected, although the possibility of something more serious has not been discarded. Lechin is going to ask for money and training.

[15]

HILDITA'S BIRTHDAY (11).

A day of uneventful marching. At 10 in the morning we had come to the point that had been reached by the trailbreakers. Later everything went slowly. At 5 it was reported that a cultivated patch of land had been found, and at 6 it was confirmed. We sent Inti, Loro and Aniceto to talk to the peasant; he turned out to be Miguel Perez, the brother of a rich peasant, Nicolas, but he is poor and exploited by his brother, so that he is willing to collaborate with us. We did not eat because it was very late.

[16]

WE WALKED A FEW METERS so as to avoid arousing the curiosity of the brother and camped on a hill facing the river, which is 50 meters below. The position is good with respect to avoiding surprises, but a little uncomfortable. We began the task of preparing a large amount of food for the crossing, when we go over the Sierra towards Rosita.

In the afternoon a persistent downpour continued all night long without stopping, hampering our plans, causing the river to rise and leaving us isolated again. $1000 will be lent to the peasant to buy and fatten pigs; he has capitalistic ambitions.

[17]

THE RAIN CONTINUED all morning. Eighteen hours of rain. Everything is wet. The river is very swollen. I sent Marcos with Miguel and Braulio to hunt for a trail to get to Rosita. They returned in the afternoon after having opened a four kilometer trail. He reported that there was a barren *firme* similar to the one that we call the Pampa del Tigre.

Inti feels sick, the result of stuffing himself.
h=720 (abnormal atmospheric conditions).

[18]

JOSEFINA'S BIRTHDAY (33). A partial failure. We walked slowly, keeping up the same speed as the trailbreakers, but at 2 they had reached the *firme* plateau where cutting through the brush was not necessary. We were delayed a little longer, and at 3 we reached a watering place where we camped, expecting to cross the *firme* in the morning. Marcos and Tuma went on exploration and came back with very bad news; the whole hill has very steep cliffs which cannot be climbed down. There is nothing else to do but go back.
h=980

[19]

A LOST DAY. We came down the hill until we reached the creek and tried to climb up, but it was impossible. I sent Miguel and Aniceto to climb the new counterfort and they tried to cross over to the other side but were not successful. We spent the day waiting for them, and they returned, announcing that the cliffs were the same type, impassable. Tomorrow we shall try to climb the last *firme* past the creek which lies to the west (the others lie to the south and there the hill ends).
h=760

[20]

A DAY OF SLOW MARCHING but full of accidents; Miguel and Braulio went out by way of the old road in order to reach the stream by the corn field and lost their way there, returning to the creek at dusk. On reaching the next creek I sent Rolando and Pombo to explore until they reached the cliff, but they did not return until 3, so we followed the same trail that Marcos had been making, leaving Pedro

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and El Rubio to wait for them. We came to the creek by the patch of corn at 4:30, where we camped. The explorers did not return.
h=720

[21]

A SLOW WALK UPSTREAM. Pombo and Rolando returned with the news that the other creek was fordable, but Marcos said that this one was too. We left at 11, but at 13:30 we came across pools of very cold water which could not be forded. Loro was sent to explore, and he took so long that I sent Braulio and Joaquin from the rearguard. Loro came back with the news that the creek was wider further along and more practicable, whereupon we decided to go ahead without waiting for Joaquin's report. At 6, we had camped when he brought the news that it was possible to climb to the *firme* and that there were many paths that could be used.

Inti is sick, all gassed up; the second time this week.
h=860

[22]

THE WHOLE DAY WAS SPENT climbing rather difficult *firmes* which were covered with heavy underbrush. After an exhausting day, the hour for making camp overtook us before we reached the top, so I sent Joaquin and Pedro to try to do it alone and they returned at 7 with the news that at least three hours of brush cutting were necessary.

We are at the source of the creek that flows out into the Masicuri, but towards the south.
h=1180

[23]

A BLACK DAY FOR ME; I made it on guts alone as I was exhausted. Marcos, Braulio and Tuma went out to prepare the way while we waited for them in the camp. There we deciphered a new message saying that they had received mine through the French box. At 12, we went out under a sun so hot that it cracked stones; a short time later I felt faint when reaching the top of the highest hill and from this moment on I walked on will power alone. The maximum height of this zone is 1400 meters; a wide area can be observed from it, including the Rio Grande, the outlet of Ñacahuasu and part of the Rosita. The topography is different from that shown on the map. After a clear dividing line, one comes down abruptly to a kind of tree-covered plateau eight or ten kilometers wide, at the end of which the Rosita flows; then another range of mountains rises to a height similar to those of this sierra, and one can see the plains in the distance. Even though it was very steep, we decided to descend in a more practicable place, in order to follow a stream that leads to the Rio Grande and from there to the Rosita. It looks as though there are no houses on the shore, contrary to what the map shows. We camped at 900 meters, after an infernal walk, without water and getting dark.

Early in the morning yesterday, I heard Marcos telling a comrade to go to hell, and saying the same to another today. It is necessary to speak to him.

[24]

ERNESTICO'S BIRTHDAY (2).

A laborious and uninteresting day. Very little progress was made, without water, as the stream which we were following was dry. The trailbreakers were changed at 12 because they were exhausted; it rained a little at 2 in the afternoon and the canteens were filled; a little later we found a shallow pool, and at 5 we camped in a small level place by the water. Marcos and Urbano continued the exploration and Marcos came back with the news that the river was a couple of kilometers away, but the path by the creek was very bad because it turned into a swamp.
h=680

[25]

A BLACK DAY. Very little progress was made, and to top it off, Marcos mistook the route and lost the morning; he had gone out with Miguel and Loro. At 12 he reported this and asked to be relieved and to be able to communicate, so Braulio, Tuma and Pacho went. Pacho returned two hours later saying that Marcos had sent him because they could not hear well anymore. At 4:30 I sent Benigno to warn Marcos that if he did not find the river by 6 he should return; after Benigno's departure, Pacho called me to tell me that Marcos had given him arbitrary orders and had threatened him with his machete and hit him across the face with the handle. When Pacho returned and told him that he would not continue, he threatened him again, shook him and tore his clothes.

Faced with the seriousness of the situation, I called Inti and Rolando, who confirmed the fact that a bad atmosphere existed in the vanguard due to Marcos' character, but they also informed me of some of Pacho's injudicious actions.

[26]

IN THE MORNING, I had an explanation from Marcos and Pacho, after which I was convinced that there had been insults and ill treatment on the part of Marcos and, perhaps, threats with the machete but not the blow. On the part of Pacho, there were insulting answers and an innate tendency to bravado, having displayed the same conduct heretofore. I waited until everybody was gathered together and then said what this effort to reach the Rosita meant, explaining that this type of privation was an introduction to what we would suffer, and I explained that the lack of discipline would produce shameful incidents like this one which had taken place between two Cubans; I criticized Marcos' attitude and I made it clear to Pacho that another incident like this would result in a dishonorable discharge from the guerrilla. Pacho not only refused to continue with the communication equipment but came back and did not tell me anything about the incident, and later, quite probably, he lied about Marcos' hitting him.

I asked the Bolivians to tell me and not to resort to devious methods if their convictions weaken, and they will be permitted to leave freely.

We continued walking, trying to reach the Rio Grande. It was reached and we were able to follow it for a little over

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a kilometer, but we had to climb again as it was impossible to bypass a cliff. Benjamin fell behind again, due to difficulties with his knapsack and because of physical exhaustion. When he reached our side I gave him orders to continue and he did so, walking some 50 meters but then losing the upgoing trail setting out to look for it on a ledge.

When I was instructing Urbano to warn him of this, Benjamin made a sharp movement and fell into the water. He did not know how to swim. The current was strong and dragged him along while he was trying to get on his feet; we ran to try to help him and, when we were taking off our clothes, he disappeared under a slow current. Rolando swam out there and tried to dive, but the current dragged him far off. After five minutes we gave up all hope. He was a weak boy, absolutely unfit, but with a will to win; the proof of this was stronger than he; his physique did not match his will, and now we have our baptism of death on the shores of the Rio Grande which occurred in an absurd manner. Without having reached the Rosita we camped at 5 in the evening. We ate our last ration of black beans.

[27]

AFTER ANOTHER TIRESOME DAY, marching along the shore and climbing cliffs, we came to the Rosita River. This one is bigger than the Ñacahuasu and smaller than the Masicuri and its waters are reddish. We ate our last ration that had been left in reserve, and no signs of life were found in spite of our nearness to the populated areas and the highways. h=600

[28]

A DAY OF SEMI-REST. After breakfast (tea), I gave a short talk, analyzing Benjamin's death and telling some anecdotes of the Sierra Maestra. Right after that the explorers went out; Miguel, Inti, and Loro went up the Rosita, with instructions to walk for three and a half hours, the time I believed necessary to reach the river Abaposito, but it turned out not to be so since there was no trail. They did not find any signs of recent life. Joaquin and Pedro climbed the hills in front, but they did not see anything nor did they find tracks, or any signs of them. Alejandro and Rubio crossed the river but found no trail; the exploration was a superficial one. Marcos directed the construction of the raft, and just as soon as it was finished, the crossing was started in a bend of the river where the outlet of the Rosita is. The knapsacks of five men were taken across and Miguel's was crossed, but Benigno's wasn't, the exact opposite of what happened with respect to them and to top it all off, Benigno left his shoes behind.

The raft could not be recovered and the second one was not finished, so that we postponed the crossing until tomorrow.

MONTHLY SUMMARY: *Although I have no news about what happened in the camp, everything goes quite well, with due exceptions, fatal in this case.*

From the outside, there is no news of the two men that should be sent to me to complete the group; the Frenchman should be in La Paz already and in the camp any day now; I have no news from the Argentinians nor from Chino; the messages are received well in both directions; the attitude of the party continues to be vacillating and double, that is the least that can be said concerning it, although there is still another explanation which could be the final one, when I talk with the new delegation.

The march was carried out quite well but was tarnished by the accident which cost Benjamin's life; the people are still weak and not all of the Bolivians will endure. The past days of hunger show a lessening of enthusiasm, which becomes more evident when they are divided.

Of the Cubans, two of the ones with little experience, Pacho and Rubio, have not responded well, but Alejandro definitely has; of the old ones, Marcos continuously causes headaches and Ricardo is not carrying his load. The rest are doing well.

The next stage will be combative and decisive.

MARZO, 1967

[1]

IT BEGAN TO RAIN at 6 in the morning. We postponed the crossing until it was over, but it continued raining until 3 in the afternoon; by that time the river was rising and we didn't consider it wise to try crossing. Now the river is high, without any signs of going down quickly. I moved to an abandoned *tapera* to get away from the water and made a new camp there. Joaquin remained in the same place. I was informed in the evening that Polo had taken his can of milk and Eusebio the milk and sardines. In the meantime, as punishment, they won't be allowed to eat these when the rest do.

[2]

AT DAWN, it was raining and nerves were on edge, beginning with mine. The river had grown even more. We decided to leave the camp as soon as it stopped raining and continue moving parallel to the river along the same way that we had come. We left at 12 and got a good supply of *palmito de corojo*. We stopped at 4:30 since we had gotten off our main track, while trying to take advantage of an old trail which had been lost.

There is no news from the vanguard.

[3]

WE BEGAN WITH ENTHUSIASM, walking well, but the hours wore us down and it was necessary to cut straight through to the *firme* as I was afraid that an accident would occur in the zone where Benjamin fell. It took us four hours to cover the same areas that took less than half an hour when we were below. We reached the edge of the creek at 6. We had only two *palmitos*, Miguel and Urbano, and later Braulio went to look for some more farther away, arriving at 9 at night. Around 12 we ate the *palmito* and the *corojo* (*totai* in Bolivia), which are saving the situation.
h=600

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[4]

MIGUEL AND URBANO left in the morning and were breaking trail all day, returning at 6 in the afternoon; they advanced five kilometers and saw an open space that would permit us to go farther, but there's no place for camping until we can lengthen the trail. The hunters managed to get two monkeys, a parrot and a dove, which were eaten along with the *palmito,* abundant in this creek.

The morale of the men is low and they are physically weaker day by day. My legs are showing signs of edema.

[5]

JOAQUIN AND BRAULIO went out to open a trail in the rain, but both are weak and didn't make much progress. Twelve *palmitos* were gathered and some little birds were shot, which permitted us to save the canned goods for another day and save a reserve of *palmito* for two days.

[6]

A DAY OF INTERMITTENT walking until 5 in the afternoon. Miguel, Urbano and Tuma are the trailbreakers. Some progress was made and some *firmes,* which seem to be those of the Ñacahuasu, can be seen in the distance. Only a little parrot was found today and was given to the rearguard. Today we ate *palmito* with meat. We only have three skimpy meals left.
h=600

[7]

FOUR MONTHS. The men are becoming more and more discouraged, seeing that we are reaching the end of our supplies, but not the end of the trail. Today we advanced four or five kilometers along the edge of the river and at the end we found a promising path. Food: three and a half birds and the rest of the *palmito;* from tomorrow on, only canned goods, one for every three for two days; then the milk, which is the end. Ñacahuasu must be two or three days away.
h=610

[8]

A DAY OF LITTLE PROGRESS including surprises and tension. We left the camp at 10 in the morning without waiting for Rolando who was hunting. We walked only an hour and a half before we reached the trailbreakers and the hunters (Urbano, Miguel, Tuma—Medico and Chinchu, respectively) who had a pile of parrots, and had stopped because they found a watering place. After having ordered that camp be made, I went to see the place, which looked like an oil pumping station. Inti and Ricardo dived into the water; they had to feign being hunters. They jumped in completely dressed, planning to cross in two stages, but Inti had difficulties and almost drowned; Ricardo helped him and they finally reached shore, calling the attention of everyone. They didn't give the watchword announcing danger and then disappeared. The crossing had begun at 12, and at 15:15 when I withdrew there still weren't any signs of life from them. All afternoon went by and they didn't appear. The last sentry went off duty at 21 and no signals had been given.

I was very worried: two valuable comrades were exposed to danger and we didn't know what had happened to them. It was decided that the best swimmers, Alejandro and Rolando, should cross the river tomorrow at dawn. In spite of the lack of *palmito,* we ate better than in previous days due to the abundance of parrots and the two little monkeys that Rolando had killed.

[9]

WE BEGAN THE CROSSING EARLY, but it was necessary to make a raft, which took quite a bit of time. The sentry announced that he had seen semi-nude people on the other side; it was 8:30 and the crossing was suspended. A path had been made which leads to a clearing on the other side, but we could easily be seen while in it, so it is necessary to leave early in the morning to take advantage of the river fog. About 16 hours, after a trying watch which, for me, lasted from 10:30, the supply men (Inti and Chinchu) dived into the river coming out far below. They brought back one pork, bread, rice, sugar, coffee, some canned goods, and fermented corn, etc. We had a little feast of coffee and bread, and permission was given to open a can of candied condensed milk which we had in reserve. They explained that they had let themselves be seen every hour, but to no avail. Marcos and his men passed three days ago, and Marcos, as usual, let his arms be seen. The engineers of Yacimientos didn't know the distance to the Ñacahuasu, but supposed it to be about five days' walk; the food supplies will not last if this is so. The pump belongs to a pumping station that is being built.

[10]

WE LEFT AT 6:30 walking for 45 minutes until we reached the trailbreakers. It began to rain at 8 and continued until 11. We walked effectively for about three hours or so, making camp at 5. Some hills could be seen that could be the Ñacahuasu. Braulio left to explore and returned with the news that there is a trail and the river runs directly west.
h = 600

[11]

THE DAY BEGAN under favorable signs. We walked for more than an hour along a perfect trail, but it suddenly stopped. Braulio took the machete and went on laboriously until he found a beach. We gave him and Urbano time to open the way, and just as we were about to continue, the rising of the river cut us off, all of a sudden, and the river grew almost a couple of meters.

We were cut off from the trailblazers and forced to make our way through the thicket. At 13:30 we stopped, and I sent Miguel and Tuma to make contact with the vanguard and to transmit the order to return if they had not managed to reach the Ñacahuasu or another good place.

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They returned at 18, having walked some three kilometers and having run into a steep cliff. It seems as though we are near, but the last days are going to be rough if the river doesn't go down and this looks quite unlikely.

We walked four to five kilometers.

A disagreeable incident has occurred because the rearguard lacks sugar and the suspicions waver between a smaller quantity having being divided up or liberties on Braulio's part. He has to be spoken to.

h = 610

[12]

IN AN HOUR AND A HALF we covered the territory opened yesterday. When we arrived, Miguel and Tuma, who had gone ahead, were already exploring in order to try to bypass the steep cliff. The day was spent in this; our only activity was to hunt four little birds which we ate to accompany rice and clams. We have two meals left. Miguel stayed on the other side and it looks as though he has managed to find a way to the Ñacahuasu. We walked three to four kilometers.

[13]

FROM 6:30 UNTIL 12 we were on the infernal cliffs following the path made by Miguel who had done a Cyclopean job. We thought we were in the Ñacahuasu when we ran into some rough parts, and therefore in five hours we advanced very little. We camped under a moderate rainfall at 17. The men were rather tired and quite demoralized again. Only one meal left. We walked another six kilometers but to little avail.

[15]

WE, THE CENTERGUARD, crossed the river, with Rubio and Medico helping us. We expected to arrive at the mouth of the Ñacahuasu but we were carrying a heavy cargo and three men who didn't know how to swim. The current carried us along nearly a kilometer, and we could not cross with the raft as we had intended to. Eleven of us stayed on this side and Medico and Rubio will cross again tomorrow. We shot four hawks for our food; they could have been worse. Everything has become wet, and the weather continues to be rainy. The morale of the men is low, Miguel's feet are swollen, and there are several more with the same problem.

h = 580

[16]

WE DECIDED TO EAT the horse, as our swelling has become alarming. Miguel, Inti, Urbano, Alejandro are presenting various symptoms. I am extremely weak. We made a mistake in our calculations, as we thought that Joaquin would cross, but it wasn't so. Medico and Rubio tried to cross to help us and were forced downstream, being lost from sight; Joaquin asked permission to cross and it was given, but he too was lost downstream. I sent Pombo and Tuma to reach them, but they returned at night without having found them. At 17 we had an orgy of horsemeat. We will probably suffer the consequences tomorrow. According to calculations, Rolando should arrive at the camp today. Message #32 was deciphered completely, which announced the arrival of a Bolivian who will join us bringing another load of Glucantine, an antiparasitic (leismania). Up until now we haven't had any of this.

[17]

ANOTHER TRAGEDY BEFORE tasting combat. Joaquin appeared at midday; Miguel and Tuma had gone to meet him with some good pieces of meat. The odyssey had been serious; they could not control the raft and it was carried down the Ñacahuasu, until a whirlpool turned it over several times according to them. The final result being the loss of several knapsacks, almost all the bullets, six rifles and a man, Carlos; he was pulled under by a whirlpool together with Braulio, but each had a different outcome: Braulio reached the shore and could see that Carlos was being pulled along, without any sign of resisting. Joaquin had already come out with all the men farther ahead and didn't see him cross. Up until now, he was considered to be the best of the Bolivians in the rearguard, because of his seriousness, discipline and enthusiasm.

The weapons lost are: one Brno, that of Braulio; 2 M-1s —Carlos and Pedro; three mausers—Abel, Eusebio and Polo. Joaquin informed me that he had seen Rubio and Medico on the other side and had already ordered them to make a little raft and return. At 14 they appeared with their share of trials and tribulations, naked, and Rubio barefoot. The raft had turned over in the first whirlpool. They came out on shore in almost the same place we did.

Our departure is set for early tomorrow and Joaquin will make it around midday. I expect to receive news sometime tomorrow during the day. The morale of Joaquin's men appears to be good.

[18]

WE DEPARTED EARLY, leaving Joaquin to digest and prepare his half horse with instructions to leave as soon as he felt strong.

I fought to reserve some meat, against the opinion of the men who wanted to eat it all. Ricardo, Inti and Urbano fell behind in the middle of the morning and we had to wait for them, contrary to my plans for resting in the camp of departure. Anyway, we walked badly. At 14:30 Urbano came in with an *urina* which had been hunted by Ricardo; this permitted us to loosen our belts a little and at the same time keep the horse ribs in reserve. We reached midpoint at 16:30 and slept here. There are several complaining and badly humoured men: Chinchu, Urbano and Alejandro.

[19]

THE MEN AT THE FRONT walked well and we stopped at 11, as had been agreed upon beforehand, but Ricardo and Urbano had fallen behind again, together wih Alejandro.

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They arrived at 13, with another *urina,* also hunted by Ricardo. Joaquin arrived with them. An incident arose between Joaquin and El Rubio, and I had to speak rather sharply to the latter, without being convinced that he was guilty.

I decided to reach the creek come what may, but there was a small airplane flying around that was up to no good, and besides that I was worried about the lack of news from the base. I had expected the stretch to be even longer, but in spite of the reluctance of the men, we arrived at 17:30. There we were received by the Peruvian doctor, "Negro," who had come with Chino and the telegraph operator, saying that Benigno was waiting with food and that two of Guevara's men had deserted and the police had gone to the farm. Benigno explained that he had left to meet us with food and had run into Rolando three days ago. He had been here in the area for two days but had not continued because the army could advance along the river since the little plane had been circling around for three days. Negro was an eyewitness of the attack on the farm by six men. Neither Antonio nor Coco was there, the latter having gone to Camiri to look for another group of Guevara's men and Antonio had left immediately to report the desertion. I received a long report from Marcos (document VIII), in which he explains his conduct in his own way; he arrived at the farm against my express orders; and two reports from Antonio explaining the situation (documents IX and X).

El Frances, Chino, and their companions, El Pelao, Tania, and Guevara, with the first part of his group, are now in the base. After having eaten an abundant meal of rice and beans with *urina,* Miguel went out to look for Joaquin who hadn't arrived and to locate Chinchu who had fallen behind again. He returned with Ricardo, and Joaquin joined the rest of us in the early hours of the morning.

[20]

WE LEFT AT 10, at a good pace. Benigno and Negro went ahead with a message for Marcos, ordering him to take charge of the defense and to leave the administrative work to Antonio. Joaquin came out leisurely, after having concealed the tracks at the entrance to the creek. Three of his men are barefoot. At 13, when we were having a prolonged stop, Pacho arrived with a message from Marcos. This information added more to that of Benigno's, but now it was more complicated as 60 soldiers had entered El Vallegrandino's trail and took prisoner one of our messengers, Salustio, one of Guevara's men. One of our mules was taken and the jeep was lost. Nothing has been heard from Loro who stayed behind on guard at the little house. Anyway, we decided to reach the Oso camp, as it is now called, because one such animal had been killed there. We sent Miguel and Urbano on to prepare food for hungry men; and we arrived at dusk. Danton, El Pelao, and Chino were in the camp, along with Tania and a group of Bolivians who were used as *gondolas* to bring food and then withdraw.

Rolando had been sent to order a complete withdrawal; an atmosphere of defeat prevailed. A recently incorporated Bolivian physician arrived with a message for Rolando, saying that Marcos and Antonio were waiting at the watering station, and for him to go to a meeting. I sent the same messenger back and told them that war is won with bullets and that they should go back to the camp at once and to wait for me there. Everything gives the impression of complete chaos; they don't know what to do.

I spoke to Chino first. He asked for $5000 monthly for ten months, and he was told in Havana that he should speak to me. He also brought a message that was too long to be deciphered by Arturo. In essence I agreed on the basis that they take to the mountains within six months. He planned on doing so in the zone of Ayucucho—he as chief and accompanied by 15 men. Besides that, we agreed that he would receive five men now and 15 more a short time later to be sent with weapons after being trained in combat. He has to send me a couple of medium range (40 miles) transmitters and we shall work on a code for our use to maintain permanent contact. He seems to be very enthusiastic.

He also brought several very old reports about Leche. It is known that Loro has appeared and announced that he had killed a soldier.

[21]

I SPENT THE DAY talking and having discussion clearing up some points with Chino, El Frances, El Pelao and Tania. El Frances brought news that was already known about Monje, Kolle, Simon Reyes, etc. He came to stay but I asked him to return in order to organize an auxiliary network in France, and while on his way there he should go to Cuba, which I know he wants to do, to get married and have a child. I have to write to Sartre and B. Russell to have them organize an international fund to help the Bolivian Liberation Movement. He should also talk to a friend and have him organize everything that he can to help, especially in the way of money, medicine and electronics, sending an electrical engineer and equipment.

El Pelao, of course, is willing to be under my command, and I made the proposal to him to be at present a kind of coordinator of the groups of Jozamy, Belman and Stamponi, and to send five men to begin training. He was to give my regards to Maria Rosa Oliver and the old man. He will be given 500 pesos to send off and 1000 for moving around. If they accept, they should begin the exploration in the north of Argentina and send me a report.

Tania made the contacts and the men came, but according to her, they made her come here in their jeep. She had intended to stay a day, but things became complicated. Jozamy could not remain the first time and he didn't even get in touch the second because Tania was here. Ivan is looked down on; I don't know what's at the bottom of this. Loyola's account was received up until the 9th of February ($1500).* Two reports were received from Ivan, one of a military academy together with photographs of no interest whatsoever, and the other information concerning some points also of little importance. The most important of all is that the writing cannot be made out (Document XIII). A report was received from Antonio (Document XII) try-

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ing to justify his attitude. A radio broadcast was heard in which a death was announced and then later denied; which means what we heard about Loro is true.

* And she reports about having been separated from the leadership of the Youth.

[22]

A (TEXT MUTILATED) left leaving the camp abandoned with some food, poorly put away (MUTILATED). We reached the bottom at 12, being a group of 47 men, including visitors and all.

On arriving, Inti spoke about a certain lack of respect on the part of Marcos; I exploded and told Marcos that if this were so, he would be expelled from the guerrilla, answering that (MUTILATED) shot before.

A five-man ambush had been ordered to take place farther down the river and three others were to do exploratory work, headed by Antonio with Miguel and Loro. Pacho went to watch from the barren hill which overlooks Argarañaz' house but didn't see anything. The explorers returned at night and I received them with a severe going over. Olo reacted emotionally and denied the charges. The meeting was tense and explosive and didn't turn out well. It still isn't clear what Marcos said.

I sent for Rolando to finally clear up the number of the newly-incorporated members and the matter of their numbers and distribution, as there were more than 30 men from the center going hungry.

[23]

A DAY OF WARLIKE EVENTS. Pombo wanted to organize a *gondola* up the trail in order to recover supplies, but I opposed it until the situation with Marcos had been cleared up. A little after 8, Coco came running up to inform me that a section of the army had fallen into the ambush. The final result is up until now, 3 60 mm. mortars, 16 mausers, 2 Bz, 3 USIS, 1 30, 2 radios, boots, etc., 7 deaths, 14 unwounded prisoners and 4 wounded, but we haven't managed to get any food. The plan of operations was seized; it consists of advancing from both extremes of the Ñacahuasu and to make contact in the center. We rapidly moved the men to the other side and placed Marcos with the majority of the vanguard at the end of the road for maneuvers, while the center and part of the rearguard took over the defense and Braulio took charge of an ambush at the end of the other road for maneuvers. We are spending the night this way to see if the famous rangers will come tomorrow. The major and the captain taken prisoners talked like parrots.

The message sent by way of Chino was deciphered. Debray's trip is mentioned; also the $60,000, the things which Chino had asked for, and an explanation of why they don't write to Ivan. I also received communication from Sanchez informing me about the possibilities of establishing Mito in several places.

[24]

THE COMPLETE SPOILS are the following: 16 mausers, 3 mortars with 64 shells, 2 Bz, 2000 rounds of mausers, 3 USIS with 2 clips each, 1 30 with 2 belts. There are 7 dead, 14 prisoners, including 4 wounded. Marcos was sent out to scout but nothing new was found out, only that the planes are bombing near our house.

I sent Inti to speak to the prisoners for the last time and to set them free, after taking away everything that could be used. The officers were spoken to apart and permitted to leave with their belongings. We told the major we would give him until 12 on the 27th to remove the dead and offered a truce in the entire Lagunilla zone if he stayed there, but he answered that he was retiring from the army. The captain said that he had reentered the army a year ago, because the party had so requested, and that he had a brother studying in Cuba. Besides that, he gave us the names of two other officers who would be willing to collaborate with us. When the bombing began, they really became frightened, but so did two of our men, Raul and Walter, the latter also being weak during the ambush.

Marcos explored the terrain without finding anything in the zone. Ñato and Coco went up with the drifters on a *gondola*, but they had to bring them back because they did not want to walk. They have to be discharged.

[25]

NOTHING NEW HAPPENED TODAY. Leon, Urbano, and Arturo were sent to a lookout which covers the entrance of the river on both sides. At 12, Marcos withdrew from his position and all the men were concentrated on the main ambush. At 18:30, with almost all the personnel present, I made an analysis of the trip and what it meant. I pointed out Marcos' errors and took away his command, and then named Miguel as chief of the vanguard. At the same time I discharged Paco, Chingolo and Eusebio, and Pepe, telling them that if they don't work, they won't eat. I suspended their tobacco ration and redistributed their personal belongings among the most needy. I referred to Kolle's project of coming to discuss what is to be done, simultaneously with the expulsion of the members of the Youth now present. Here we are concerned with facts; words that don't coincide with facts are not important. I also announced that we shall look for the cow and that classes will be begun again.

I talked to Pedro and El Medico, to whom I announced their nearly total graduation as *guerrilleros,* and with Apolinar, whom I encouraged. I criticized Walter for becoming soft during the trip, for his attitude during combat and for the fear he showed when faced with the planes. He didn't react well. I cleared up some details with El Chino and El Pelado and made a long verbal report to El Frances about the situation. During the course of the meeting, this group was given the name of the Bolivian National Liberation Army, and a report would be made of the skirmish.

[26]

INTI LEFT EARLY with Antonio, Raul, and Pedro to hunt for a cow in the Ticucha zone but ran into troops about three hours away, and returned, apparently without having been seen. They informed us that the soldiers had a look-

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out placed on a barren spot and a house with a shiny roof, from which some six men came out. They are near the river that we had called Yaki. I spoke to Marcos and sent him to the rearguard; I don't believe that his conduct will improve.

A short *gondola* was carried out as well as the customary watches; the landing of a helicopter and 30 or 40 soldiers were seen from the Argarañaz lookout.

[27]

TODAY THE NEWS BROKE, using up most of the space on the airwaves and causing a multitude of communiques, including a press conference with Barrientos. The official dispatch claims one more dead than we have and gives them as wounded and later shot, listing our losses as 15 dead and four prisoners, two of them foreigners. They also speak of a foreigner who eliminated himself, and of the composition of the guerrilla. It is obvious that the deserters talked or the prisoner did, but how much they said and how they said it is not known exactly. Everything indicates that Tania has become known, which means that two years of good patient work has been lost. Departure is becoming very difficult now. I received the impression that Danton was not the least bit pleased when I told him so. We shall see what happens.

Benigno, Loro and Julio left to look for the trail to Perirenda; it takes two or three days and they have instructions not to be seen in Perirenda so as to make another expedition later on to Gutierrez. The reconnaissance plane dropped a few parachutes which the lookout reported as having landed in the hunting fields; Antonio was sent with two more to investigate and to try to take prisoners, but nothing was found.

At night we had a staff meeting, during which we made plans for the following days: prepare a *gondola* to our little house tomorrow with the object of getting corn, then another *gondola* later on for making purchases in Gutierrez, and last of all a little attack for diversion which can take place in the woods on the vehicles that travel between Pincal and Lagunilla. The No. 1 communique was drafted, we shall try to get it to the newspapermen in Camiri (document XVII).

[28]

THE RADIO CONTINUES to be saturated with news about the guerrilla. We are surrounded by 2000 men within a radius of 120 kilometers, and the encirclement is closing in; this is combined with napalm bombings. We have around 10 or 15 losses.

I put Braulio in charge of nine men and sent them out to find corn. They came back with some crazy news: 1) Coco, who had left ahead of us in order to warn us, had disappeared; 2) at 16:00 when they reached the farm, they found that the cave had been searched. But they spread out to begin the pick-up when seven Red Cross men, two doctors and several unarmed military men appeared. They were taken prisoners, and were told that the truce was over but were authorized to continue; 3) a truckload of soldiers arrived, but instead of shooting them, they made them say they would withdraw. 4) The soldiers, in a disciplined manner, withdrew, and ours accompanied the health officers to the place where the rotting corpses were, but they said they couldn't carry them all and so would be back to burn them tomorrow. They confiscated two of Argarañaz' horses and returned, leaving Antonio, Rubio, and Aniceto where the animals cannot follow them. Just when they were looking for Coco he appeared; apparently he had overslept.

There is no news from Benigno yet.

El Frances was too vehement when he mentioned how useful he could be outside.

[29]

A DAY OF LITTLE ACTION but of lots of news: the army gave out ample information which, if it be true, can be of great value. Radio Habaña has given out the news and the government announces that it will support the Venezuelan action, presenting the Cuban case in the OAS. Among the news, there is one piece that worries me, a clash in the Tiraboy pass in which two *guerrilleros* were killed. This is the way to Pirirenda, the spot that Benigno was to explore, and he should have come back today, but he hasn't. He was told not to go through the pass, but during the last days, my orders have been repeatedly disobeyed.

Guevara is advancing slowly with his work; he was given dynamite but it wasn't used during the day. A horse was killed and the meat was eaten generously, although it should last for four days. We shall try to bring the other up here, but it doesn't look easy. According to the birds of prey, the corpses still haven't been burned. As soon as the cave is finished, we can move from this camp, as it is becoming uncomfortable and is too well-known. I told Alejandro to stay here together with El Medico and Joaquin (probably in the Oso camp). Rolando is also exhausted.

I spoke to Urbano and Tuma; and I coudn't even make the latter understand why I was criticizing him.

[30]

EVERYTHING IS QUIET once more: Benigno and his comrades arrived in the middle of the morning. They had effectively gone through the Piraboy pass, but found nothing except traces of two people. Although they had been seen by the peasants, they reached their point of destination and returned. The report indicates that it takes around four hours to reach Pirirenda and that, apparently, there is no danger. The planes strafed the little house constantly.

Antonio was sent with two more to explore up-river, and the report is that the soldiers remain stationary, although there are traces of an exploratory run by the river. Trenches have been dug.

The mare that was left behind arrived, so that in the worst of circumstances, we have meat for four days. We shall rest tomorrow, and the day after, the vanguard will leave for the next two operations, taking Gutierrez and setting up an ambush on the road to Argarañaz-Lagunillas.

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[31]

NO SPECIAL EVENT. Guevara announced that the cave would be finished tomorrow. Inti and Ricardo reported that the soldiers had again taken our farm, after a heavy artillery attack (mortars), aviation, etc. This obstructed our plans to go to Pirirenda for supplies, so I gave Manuel instructions to advance to the little house with his men; if it's empty, to take it and to send two men to let me know so that we can get under way the day after tomorrow, and if it is taken and a surprise attack cannot be made to return and consider the possibility of flanking Argarañaz to carry out an ambush betwen Pincal and Lagunillas. The radio continues clamoring, and the dispatches are followed with officious announcements of combat. They have fixed our position with absolute precision betwen Yaki and Ñacahuasu, and I am afraid that they will try to make a move to close in on us. I spoke to Benigno about his mistake in not going out to look for us and explained to him the situation of Marcos. He reacted well.

At night I spoke to Loro and Aniceto. The conversation was very bad. Loro said that we were deteriorating, and when I pinned him down, he left it up to Marcos and Benigno: Aniceto half agrees with him but later he confessed to Coco that they had been accomplices in a theft of canned goods, and to Inti that he didn't agree with the statements of Loro about Benigno and the statements of other about Pombo and the "general deterioration of the guerrilla," more or less.

SUMMARY OF THE MONTH: *This month was spilling over with events but the general outlook consists of the following: a period of consolidation and purification for the guerrilla, strictly fulfilled; a period of slow progress with the incorporation of those who came from Cuba who seem to be quite good, and with those of Guevara who in general are rather weak (two deserters, one prisoner "who talked," three quitters and two weaklings); a period of beginning the fight, characterized with a spectacular and precise attack but sprinkled with glaring indecisions before and after the feat (Marcos' withdrawal, Braulio's action); a period of the beginning of the enemy counteroffensive, which has been characterized up until now by: a) a tendency to establish controls that would isolate us, b) a clamoring on a national and international level, c) total ineffectiveness up until now, d) mobilization of the peasants.*

Evidently, we shall have to start the march before I had thought, leaving behind a group in reserve and with the handicap of four possible informers. The situation is not good, but another period of trials is beginning now for the guerrilla which will be good for them once it has been overcome.

Composition: Vanguard: Chief = Miguel; Benigno, Pacho, Loro, Aniceto, Camba, Coco, Dario, Julio, Pablo, Raul.

Rearguard: Chief = Joaquin; Segundo; Braulio, Rubio, Marcos, Pedro, Medico, Polo, Walter, Victor (Pepe, Paco, Eusebio, Chingalo).

Centro = Myself, Alejandro, Rolando, Inti, Pombo, Nato, Tuma, Urbano, Moro, Negro, Ricardo, Arturo, Eustaquio, Guevara, Willy, Luis, Antonio, Leon (Tania, Pelado, Danton, Chino—visitors), (Serapio—refugee).

ABRIL, 1967

[1]

THE VANGUARD DEPARTED at 7, way behind time. Camba has not returned from his expedition with El Ñato to El Oso cave where they went to hide the weapons. Tuma arrived at 10 from the look-out with the news that he had seen three or four soldiers on the *pampita* where hunters go. We took positions and Walter notified us from the look-out that he had seen three soldiers with a mule or a donkey, and that they were setting up something; he pointed it out to me but I didn't see anything. I withdrew at 16:00, considering that it was not necessary to remain there, for they would not attack in any case, but I believed it to be just an optical illusion on Walter's part.

I decided to make a complete withdrawal tomorrow, at the very latest, and that Rolando should take charge of the rearguard in Joaquin's absence. El Ñato and Camba arrived at 21:00, having hidden everything, except a meal for the six who were to remain. They were: Joaquin, Alejandro, Moro, Serapio, Eustaquio and Polo, the three Cubans protesting. The other mare was killed so as to leave *charqui* for the remaining six. Antonio arrived at 23:00, with a sack of corn and with the news that everything had gone off as planned. Rolando left at 4 in the morning, carrying the impedimenta of the four weak ones with him (Chingolo, Eusebio, Paco, Pepe). Pepe wanted to be given a weapon and to remain. Cambra went with him. At 5, Coco arrived with the news that a cow had been slaughtered and that they were waiting for us. I told him that the creek that leads down the hill toward the farm house would be the meeting place at noon the day after tomorrow.

[2]

THE INCREDIBLE AMOUNT of things we had accumulated forced us to spend the entire day storing them in their respective caves, finishing the job at 17:00. A four-man watch was maintained, but not even planes interrupted the dead calm that prevailed all day. The radio announcers spoke of the closing in of the encirclement and of the guerrilla preparing the defense in the narrow pass of the Ñacahuasu. They also reported the arrest of Don Remberto and told how he had sold the farm to Coco.

As it was too late, we decided to postpone the departure until 3 in the morning, thereby gaining an entire day by going directly down the Ñacahuasu, in spite of the fact that the appointed meeting place is in the other direction. I spoke to Moro, explaining that I had not named him as one of the best in the group due to his weakness concerning food and his tendency to exasperate his comrades with his crude jokes. We talked for a while about these topics.

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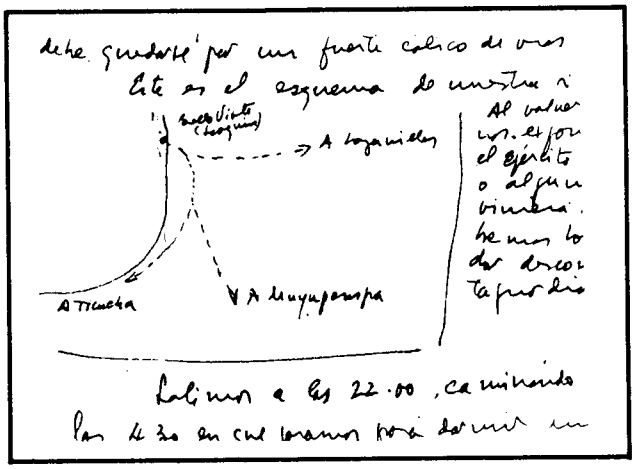

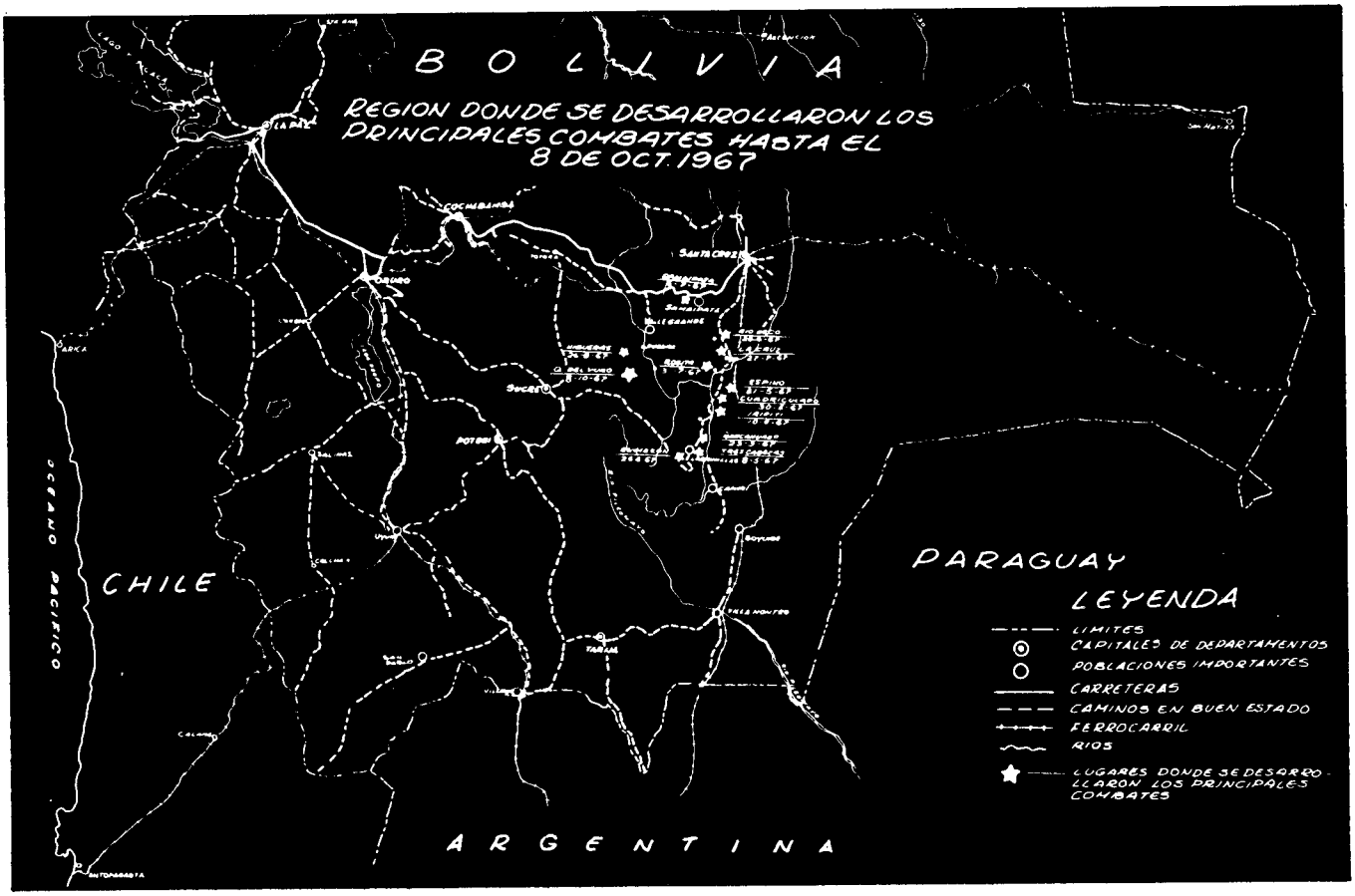

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[3]

THE SCHEDULE WAS CARRIED OUT without problems, leaving at 3:30 and walking slowly until we passed the bend of the shortcut at 6:30, and reaching the edge of the farm at 8:30. When we passed by the place where the ambush had taken place, nothing was left of the corpses except for completely stripped skeletons, on which the birds of prey had done their duty with the utmost responsibility. I sent two men (Urbano and Ñato) to get in touch with Rolando, and in the afternoon we moved to the Piraboy ravine where we slept, having gorged ourselves with beef and corn.

I spoke to Danton and Carlos, setting forth three alternatives: to come along with us, to go out alone or to take Gutierrez and try their luck as best they could; they chose the third. We shall try our luck tomorrow.

[6]

A DAY OF GREAT TENSION. We passed the Ñacahuasu River at 4 and remained there to wait for daybreak before continuing. Miguel began exploring later but had to come back twice due to errors which brought us too close to the soldiers. At 8 Rolando reported that there were a dozen soldiers in front of the ravine which we had just abandoned. We left slowly, and at 11 we were on a *firme,* out of danger. Rolando arrived with the news that there had been more than 100 soldiers placed there on guard in the ravine.

At night, when we still had not reached the creek, cowhands' voices were heard from the river. We came out and took four peasants who had several of Argarañaz' cows with them. They were carrying an army pass to look for 12 head of stray cattle; some were already out of reach and it was not possible to find them. We took two cows for ourselves, and we drove them down the river to our creek. The civilians turned out to be a contractor and his son, a peasant from Chuquisaca, and another from Camiri, who appeared to be very receptive and promised to spread the proclamation which we gave him.

We held them for a while and later let them go, asking them not to say anything, and this they said they would do.

We spent the night eating.

[7]

WE PENETRATED FURTHER UP the creek, taking the last surviving cow with us, which we later slaughtered to make *charqui.* Rolando stayed in ambush at the river with orders to shoot at whatever appeared: there was nothing new throughout the entire day. Benigno and Camba followed the trail that should lead us to Pirirenda, and reported that they had heard the motor of a sawmill in the canyon near our creek.

I sent Urbano and Julio with a message for Joaquin, and they did not return all day.

[8]

AN UNEVENTFUL DAY. Benigno went and returned from work without having finished it and said that he wouldn't be able to finish tomorrow either. Miguel departed to look for a canyon which Benigno had seen from high up, and has not returned. Urbano and Julio returned with Polo. The soldiers have taken over the encampment and are searching the hills; they passed the "elevator" on their way down. Joaquin has reported on these and other problems in the enclosed document (XIX).

We had three cows with their calves, but one escaped so there are four animals left; we shall make *charqui* out of one or two of them with the salt we still have.

[9]

POLO, LUIS AND WILLY went on a mission to deliver a note to Joaquin and to help them return and establish themselves in a hiding place upstream which Ñato and Guevara will choose. According to Ñato there are some good places about an hour or so from our present position, although they are a little too close to the creek. Miguel arrived; according to the results of his exploration, the ravine comes out at Pirirenda and it takes a day to travel it with a knapsack; therefore I told Benigno to stop the exploration he was making as it would take at least another day.

[10]

IT DAWNED; there were few important events during the morning while we prepared to leave the creek, unpolluted, and cross by way of the Quebrada de Miguel to Pirirenda-Gutierrez. In the middle of the morning El Negro arrived in an agitated state, to warn us that 15 soldiers were coming down-river. Inti had gone to the ambush to warn Rolando. There was nothing else to do except wait and so this we did; I ordered Tuma to be ready to inform me.

The first unpleasant news soon arrived: El Rubio, Jesus Suarez Gayol, was critically wounded. He arrived at our camp dead, a bullet in his head. It happened in this way: the ambush was composed of eight men from the rearguard—a reinforcement of three from the vanguard, distributed on both sides of the river. On his way to make the report of the arrival of the 15 soldiers, Inti passed by El Rubio and noticed that he was in a bad position, as he was clearly visible from the river. The soldiers advanced with little caution, exploring the edges of the river while looking for tracks, and in the process of doing this, they penetrated the wooded area and ran into Braulio and Pedro, before reaching the ambush. The firing lasted a few seconds, with one dead and three wounded lying on the ground, plus six prisoners. A short time later a low ranking officer also fell and four escaped. El Rubio was found agonizing alongside of the wounded; his Garand was jammed and at his side was an unexploded grenade with its pin loose. The prisoner could not be interrogated due to his critical condition, and died a while later, as did the lieutenant in command.

I received the following overview from the interrogation of the prisoners: these 15 men belonged to the same company which was up the Ñacahuasu and had crossed the canyon, picked up the remains from the former skirmish and then occupied the camp. The radio announced that documents and photos were found there, but according to the soldiers nothing was found. The company consisted of 100 men; 15 of these were to accompany a group of news-

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papermen to our camp and were ordered to go out on an exploratory mission and to return at 17:00. The principal forces are at Pincal; in Lagunillas, there are more or less 30 in number, and it is supposed that the group that was in Piraboy has been withdrawn to Gutierrez. They spoke of the odyssey of this group which had been lost in the mountains without water, and therefore it was necessary to rescue them. Calculating that the fugitives would arrive late, I decided to leave the ambush which Rolando had made 500 meters ahead but this time counting on the help of the entire vanguard. At first, I had ordered it to be withdrawn, but it seemed logical to leave it like this. About 17, the news arrived that the army is advancing with heavy effectives. The only thing to do is wait. I sent Pombo in order to get a clear idea of the situation. Isolated shots are heard once in a while, and Pombo returned saying that they had fallen in the ambush again, that there are several dead and that major has been taken prisoner. This time things occurred this way: the troops advanced down the river, deployed, but without caution, and the (TEXT MUTILATED) was complete. This time there were seven dead, five wounded and a total of 22 prisoners. The final result is the following: (total) (It cannot be done due to the lack of data).

[11]

IN THE MORNING, we began to move all our belongings and buried El Rubio in a small shallow grave, due to the lack of materials. Inti was left with the rearguard to accompany the prisoners and to set them free, and also to bring back any arms that may be scattered around. The result of the search was to take two more prisoners with their respective Garands. Two dispatches No. 1 were given to the major with the agreement that he would put them in the hands of the press. The total number of losses was ten dead, including two lieutenants; 30 prisoners; a major and several junior grade officers; and the rest soldiers, out of which six are wounded, one in the first combat and the rest in the second. They are under the command of the 4th Division but include members from mixed regiments: there are rangers, paratroopers, and soldiers from the zone, just boys.

We found the cave and finished transporting all the equipment late in the afternoon, but it still isn't conditioned. The cows were frightened away during the last stretch and we now have only one calf left.

Early, just as we arrived at the new campsite, we met Joaquin and Alejandro who were descending with all their men. The report indicates that the soldiers seen by Eustaquio were only an illusion and the moving here has been in vain.

The radio gave an official communique of "a new and bloody clash" and speaks of nine army deaths and four "confirmed" deaths on our side. A Chilean newspaperman made a detailed account of our old camp, claiming to have found a photo of me, without a beard and with a pipe. An investigation should be made to see how it was obtained. There is no proof that the upper cave has been located although there are some signs that it has been.

[12]

I BROUGHT ALL THE COMBATANTS together at 6:30, except for the four from the drifters; we paid homage to El Rubio and pointed out that the first blood spilled was Cuban. A tendency to underestimate the Cubans was observed among the vanguard, a tendency which crystallized yesterday when Camba remarked that every day he had less confidence in the Cubans, due to an incident that occurred with Ricardo. I again appealed to them for the necessity for unity, this being the only way possible to develop our army, which has increased its firing power and has become accustomed to combat, but which has not increased in size; on the contrary, it has grown smaller lately.

After having placed the spoils of war in a cave well-prepared by Ñato, we departed slowly at 14; so slowly that we almost made no progress whatsoever, having to sleep at a small watering place shortly after the walk had begun.

Now the army has admitted 11 deaths, apparently because another body was found or one of the wounded has died.

I started a short course in relation to Debray's book.

Part of a message has been deciphered but it doesn't seem to be very imporant.

[13]

THE GROUP WAS DIVIDED into two parts in order to be able to walk more quickly; but in spite of everything the pace was slow, one group arriving at the camp at 16 and the last one at 18:30. Miguel had arrived in the morning; the caves had not been uncovered and nothing has been touched. The benches, the kitchens, the oven and the seed beds were all intact.

Aniceto and Raul went to explore but did not do so well and must do better tomorrow, reaching the Ikira River.

The North Americans announced that the military advisors which they had sent to Bolivia did not have anything to do with the guerrilla, but that this corresponded to an old plan. Perhaps this is the first episode of a new Vietnam.

[14]

A MONOTONOUS DAY. Some things were brought from the dugout for the sick which will provide us with food for five days. Canned milk was brought from the upper cave: 23 cans had disappeared mysteriously. Moro had left 48, and nobody seems to have had time to remove them. Milk is one of our corrupting factors. A machine gun and a mortar were taken from the special cave to reinforce our position until Joaquin arrives. The plan for the operation is not clear, but it seems to me that the best thing to do is to clear out everyone and operate in the zone of Muyupampa, and to fall back to the north later on. If it is possible, Danton and Carlos should continue on the way toward Sucre-Cochabamba, depending on the circumstances. Communique No. 2 (document XXI) was written for the Bolivian people and report No. 4 for Manila, which should be delivered by El Frances.

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[15]

JOAQUIN ARRIVED with the entire rearguard, and we decided to leave tomorrow. He reported that planes had flown over the zone and they had fired with cannons into the woods. The day passed by uneventfully. The arming of the group was completed, assigning the 30 machine guns to the rearguard (Marcos), and having the members of the drifters as helpers.

At night, I made remarks concerning the trip and about the disappearance of the canned milk, giving a severe warning.

Part of the long message from Cuba was deciphered. In short, Lechin is aware of what I am doing and is going to write a declaration for support, reentering the country clandestinely within 20 days.

A note was written to Fidel (#4) informing him of the latest news. It is coded and put in invisible writing.

[16]

THE VANGUARD LEFT at 6:15 and we at 7:15, walking well as far as River Ikira, but Tania and Alejandro have fallen behind. When their temperatures were taken, Tania had 39° and Alejandro 38°. Besides, we weren't marching as had been planned. We left them with El Negro and Serapio, a kilometer up the Ikira River and went on, taking over an isolated settlement called Bella Vista, or more precisely four peasants who sold us potatoes, pork, and corn. They are very poor farmers and are frightened by our presence here. We spent the night cooking and eating, not moving, waiting for tomorrow night so as not to be recognized by our characteristics while passing by Ticucha.

[17]

NEWS KEPT CHANGING and so did the decisions; Ticucha is a loss of time, according to the peasants. There is a road direct to Muyupampa (Vaca-Guzman) which is shorter, and the final stretch permits the passage of vehicles. We decided to go directly to Muyupampa, after many doubts on my part. I sent someone to fetch the stragglers and have them stay with Joaquin, who had been ordered to make a demonstration in the zone to prevent excessive movement and to wait for three days, after which he should remain in the zone but avoid direct combat and wait until the return. At night, it was learned that one of the peasants' sons had disappeared and that he might have gone to give warning; however, it was decided to depart in spite of everything so as to get El Frances and Carlos out once and for all. Moises joined the group of stragglers, who had to stay behind, because of a severe gall bladder attack. This is the outline of our location: returning by the same road will place us in danger of being exposed to a clash with the army on the alert in Lagunillas or by a column which could come from Ticucha, but it has to be done so as not to be cut off from the rearguard.

We left at 22, walking and pausing until 4:30, when we stopped to sleep a bit. We advanced some ten kilometers. Out of all the peasants that we have met, there is one, Simon, who is cooperative although frightened. There is another, Vides, who could be dangerous; he is the "rich one" of the zone. Besides this, it is necessary to remember that Carlos Rodas' son disappeared and might be an informer (though under the influence of Vides, who is the zone's economic *capo).*

[18]

WE WALKED UNTIL EARLY MORNING, drowsing during the last hour and feeling quite cold. In the morning the vanguard went to explore, coming across a house of *guaranies* who offered very little information. Our sentry stopped a horseman who turned out to be the son of Carlos Rodas (another one) who was on his way to Yakunday and we took him prisoner. Walking was slow and it was not until 3 that we managed to reach Matagal, the house of A. Padilla. He is the poor brother of another man who lived a league from there, whose house we passed. The man was afraid and tried all ways to make us leave and, to make matters worse, it rained and we had to find shelter in his house.

[19]

WE STAYED ALL DAY in the place, detaining the peasants that came in both directions, and thereby obtaining a varied mixture of prisoners. At 13, the sentry brought us a "greek present." An English newspaperman by the name of Roth, on our tracks, was brought by some children from Lagunilla. His documents were in order but there were some suspicious things. In the part referring to profession, "student" had been changed to "newsman" (really, he claims to be a photographer). He has a Puerto Rican visa and when questioned about a card of an organizer in Buenos Aires, he admitted having been Spanish professor for the student body. He told us that he had been in the camp and had been shown Braulio's diary in which he told of his travels and experiences. The same old story: the lack of discipline and of responsibility take first place. By means of the information given by the children who had led the newspaperman here, it was learned that our arrival here was known in Lagunillas from the very first night, thanks to a report brought by someone. We put pressure on Rodas' son and he confessed that his brother and one of Vides' peons had gone to collect the reward, which varies from $500 to $1000. We confiscated his horse in reprisal and let the detained peasants know of it.

El Frances asked to present the problem to the Englishman, and as proof of his good faith, to help them get out. Carlos accepted unwillingly and I washed my hands of it. We arirved at 21 to (TEXT MUTILATED) and continued the journey toward Muyupampa, where everything is calm, according to the reports of the peasants.

The Englishman accepted the conditions proposed by Inti, which included a short anecdote which I prepared. At 23:45, after a cordial leavetaking of those departing, the march to take the town began. I stayed behind, with Pombo, Tuma and Urbano. It was intensely cold, and we made a small bonfire. At 1:00 Ñato arrived informing us that the town was in a state of alert and that army troops were quartered in groups of 20 and there were self-defense patrols. One of these, with two M-3s and two revolvers,

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surprised our outposts but the patrol surrendered without presenting combat. Instructions were asked for and I told them to withdraw, due to the lateness of the hour, permitting the Englishman, El Frances and Carlos to decide what they considered to be the best. At four, we began to return, without having reached our objective, but Carlos decided to stay and El Frances followed, this time unwillingly.

[20]

WE REACHED NEMESIO CARABALLO'S house around 7 in the morning, having met him during the night when he offered us coffee. The man had gone, leaving the house locked, with only a few frightened servants remaining. We organized our meal right there, buying corn and *jocos* (*zapallos*) from the farm hands. About 13, a truck with a white flag appeared, bringing the subprefect, the doctor and the priest from Muyupampa, the latter a German. Inti spoke to them. They came in a peaceful manner, but peace on a national level, in which they offered to be intermediaries; Inti offered peace for Muyupama, on the basis of a list of items which were to be brought before 18:30, which they did not commit themselves to due to the fact that, according to them, the army was in charge of the town. They asked to be given a longer time, until 6 in the morning, but this was not accepted.

As a sign of good will, they brought two cartons of cigarettes and the news that the three who were leaving had been arrested in Muyupampa and two were compromised for having false documents. Things look bad for Carlos; Danton should come out well.

At 17:30, three AT-6's came and bombarded the very house where we were cooking. One fell 15 meters away and Ricardo was slightly wounded by shrapnel. That was the army's answer. It is necessary to know the proclamations in order to thoroughly demoralize the soldiers who, if judging by those sent, are scared to death.

We left at 22:30 with two horses, the one that was confiscated and the other which had belonged to the newsman. We walked toward Ticucha until 1:30, when we stopped to sleep.

[21]

WE WALKED A SHORT DISTANCE until we reached the house of Roso Carrasco, who attended us well and sold us what was necessary. At night we walked as far as the highway crossing, Muyupampa-Monteagudo, to a place called Taperillas. The plan was to remain in the watering place and to make an exploration so as to make the ambush. An additional reason existed which was the news of the death of three mercenaries given out by radio, a Frenchman, an Englishman, and an Argentinian. This doubt must be cleared up in order to inflict an exemplary punishment.

Before eating, we paid a visit on veteran Rodas, who was the stepfather of Vargas, the death we had in Ñacachuasu, and gave an explanation that seemed to satisfy him. The vanguard did not understand and continued down the road, waking some dogs which barked unusually loud.

[22]

THE ERRORS BEGAN EARLY in the morning. After we had withdrawn, Rolando, Miguel and Antonio set out to explore for a place to establish an ambush, penetrating more deeply into the woods. They surprised several men from a small YPFB truck who were observing our tracks while a peasant was informing them of our nocturnaal presence, and they decided to arrest everyone. This changed the order of things, so we decided to ambush during the day and capture the supply trucks that passed and attack the army if they came. A truck with some merchandise and a large quantity of bananas and a considerable number of peasants were seized, but they let other small trucks of Yacimientos pass, including some that were also observing our tracks. The food, combined with the temptation of the bread that was offered but which never arrived, kept us there for a long time.

My intention was to load the small truck of Yacimientos with all the food and advance with the vanguard as far as the crossroads at Ticucha, located four kilometers away. At dusk, a plane began to circle around above our position, and the barking of the dogs in the neighboring houses became more insistent. At 20 we were ready to depart in spite of the evidence that our presence had been detected, when a short combat began and voices intimating us to surrender were heard. All of us were careless and did not have any idea of what was happening. Fortunately, all of our belongings and supplies were in the truck. Things were organized in a short while. Only Loro was absent, but everything indicated that nothing had happened to him because the clash was with Ricardo, who surprised the guards' guide when they were climbing the *firme* in order to encircle us. The guide might have been wounded. We left with the truck and all the available horses, six altogether; we alternated the men on foot and on horseback, ending up with everybody in the truck and six from the vanguard on horseback. We reached Ticucha at 3:30, and at El Meson, the priest's property, at 6:30 after we got stuck in a hole.

The result of the action was negative—lack of foresight and discipline on the one side, the loss of a man (I hope it is only temporary) on the other. Merchandise which was paid for and which we did not get, and last of all, a package of dollars which fell from Pombo's bag, were the results of the skirmish. Not taking into account that we were attacked by surprise and forced to withdraw by a group that could not have been large. There is still much to do to turn this into a combative force although the morale is quite high.

[23]

TODAY WAS DECLARED A DAY of rest and passed uneventfully. At midday the plane (an AT-6) flew over the zone; the watch was reinforced but nothing happened. The instructions for tomorrow were given at night. Benigno and Aniceto will go to hunt for Joaquin—four days. Coco and Camba explored the trail to Rio Grande and are preparing it so it can be used—four days; we shall stay here near the corn, waiting to see if the army comes, until Joaquin joins us, having received orders to bring everyone, only leaving there one of the drifters, if sick.

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The doubt about Danton, El Pelao and the English reporter still exists; there is press censorship and another clash was announced in which three or five prisoners were taken.

[24]

THE EXPLORING PARTY LEFT. We settled down at one kilometer up the creek, on a mound with visibility reaching as far as the last peasant's house, some 500 meters before arriving at the priest's farm (we found marijuana in the fields). The farmer arrived again and was nosing around; in the afternoon an AT-6 strafed the house twice. Pacho disappeared mysteriously; he was sick and stayed behind; Antonio pointed out the way to him and he marched off in the direction of the place where he should have arrived within five hours, but he did not return. We shall look for him tomorrow.

[25]

A BLACK DAY. At 10 in the morning Pombo returned from the lookout, warning that 30 soldiers were advancing toward the house. Antonio stayed at the point of observation. While we were making preparations, he arrived with the news that there were 60 and they were getting ready to continue. The observatory turned out to be inefficient in its mission to warn ahead of time. We decided to plan an improvised ambush on the road that leads to the camp; as fast as we could we chose a short stretch that bordered the creek with a visibility of 50 meters. I stayed there together with Urbano and Miguel with an automatic rifle; El Medico, Arturo and Raul occupied the position on the right to prevent escaping or advancing on this side. Rolando, Pombo, Antonio, Ricardo, Julio, Pablito, Dario, Willy, Luis and Leon occupied the lateral position on the other side of the creek, so as to completely cover the flank. Inti stayed in the river bed to attack those that returned to seek refuge there. Nato and Eustaquio went to the lookout with instructions to withdraw to the rear when the firing began. El Chino stayed in the rearguard in charge of the camp. My men, already scarce, were lessened by three: Pacho, lost, and Tuma and Luis out hunting for him.

A while later the vanguard arrived, which to our surprise was led by three German shepherd dogs and their master. The animals were excited, but it did not seem to me that they would give us away. Nevertheless they continued advancing, and I shot at the first dog and missed. When I was going to shoot at the guide, the M-2 jammed.

Miguel killed the other dog, as far as I could see, and nobody else entered the ambush. An intermittent firing began on the army's flank. When firing ceased, I sent Urbano to order the withdrawal, but he came with the news that Rolando was wounded; he was brought a short while later, already very weak, and died when he began to receive plasma. A bullet had fractured the femur and the whole nervous vascular bundle, and he had lost too much blood before anything could be done. We have lost the best man in the guerrilla and, naturally, one of its pillars, my comrade from the time when he was a messenger in column 4 (then, almost a boy) until the invasion and now this new revolutionary adventure. Of his unknown and unheralded death for a hypothetical future that may crystallize, there is only to say: *"Tu cadáver pequeño de capitán valiente ha extendido en lo inmenso su metálica forma."*

The rest was a slow operation of withdrawal, gathering up all the things and carrying Rolando's (San Luis') body. Pacho joined us later; he had erred and reached Coco, taking the night to return. At 3, we buried the body under a thin layer of earth. At 16, Benigno and Aniceto arrived, informing us that they had fallen in ambush (or rather they had clashed with the army), losing their knapsacks but getting out unhurt. According to Benigno, this occurred when they were just a short distance from Ñacahuasu. Both of the natural ways out are blocked, and we shall have to take to the mountains because the Rio Grande outlet is not suitable for two reasons: one that it is natural, and the other is that it will remove us further from Joaquin, from whom we have not heard anything. At night we reached the fork of the roads of the Ñacahuasu and of the Rio Grande, and we slept there. Here we shall wait for Coco and Camba so as to get our little troop together again. The result of the operation is highly negative; Rolando died, but not only that; the army losses cannot be more than two and a dog, at the most, as the position was neither well-studied nor prepared and the sharpshooters had not seen the enemy. Last of all, the visibility was very bad which prevented us from making preparations in time.

A helicopter descended over the priest's house twice; it is not known whether a wounded man was removed or not; the planes bombed our old positions, which means they have not advanced much.

[26]

WE WALKED A FEW METERS and ordered Miguel to hunt for a place to camp while we sent someone else to look for Coco and Camba, and he appeared at midday with both. According to them, they had worked for four hours on the road, loaded down, and there were possibilities of trying to scale the *firme*. However, I sent Benigno and Urbano to explore a possible escalade near the canyon of the creek that flows into the Ñacahuasu, but they returned at dusk with the news that it was very bad. We resolved to follow the trail opened by Coco in order to find another one which led to the Iquiri .

We have a mascot: Lolo, a baby fawn. We shall see if it survives.

[27]

COCO'S FOUR HOURS turned out to be two and a half. We thought we recognized the place where there are many bitter orange trees as the point marked on the map as Masico. Urbano and Benigno continued to prepare the trail for another hour's journey. It is intensely cold at night.

The Bolivian news broadcast transmitted army comuniques in which they confirm the death of a civilian guide, the instructor of the dogs, and the dog, Rayo. They attribute two deaths to us: one, presumably a Cuban nicknamed Rubio, and the other a Bolivian. It is confirmed that Dan-

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ton is imprisoned near Camiri; it is certain that the others are alive with him.
h=950

[28]

WE WALKED SLOWLY until 15:00. At this time the river had dried up and headed in another direction; therefore we stopped. It was too late to explore, so we returned towards the water to make camp. We have meager food for four days. Tomorrow we shall try to reach Ñacahuasu by means of the Ikiri and we shall have to cut through mountains.

[29]

WE TRIED OUT SOME RAVINES which were seen. The results were negative. At this point, anyway, we are in a canyon without faults. Coco thinks he saw a transversal canyon which he did not explore; tomorrow we shall do so with the entire troop. With much delay, message No. 35 was deciphered completely, which had a paragraph in it asking me for authorization to put my signature on a bill in favor of Vietnam, headed by Bertrand Russell.

[30]

WE STARTED TO TACKLE the hill. The supposed canyon disappeared into steep cliffs, but we reached a crevice which we climbed. Night surprised us near the peak, and there we slept, without being too cold.

Lolo, a victim of Urbano's impetuousness, died when he threw the rifle at her head.

Radio Habaña transmitted the news that Chilean newsmen had pointed out that the guerrilla had so much strength that they are forcing the cities to take measures and that recently they had seized two military trucks full of food. The Revista Siempre interviewed Barrientos who, among other things, admitted that there were Yankee military advisors and that the guerrilla warfare had emerged as a result of the social conditions in Bolivia.

MONTHLY SUMMARY: *Things occurred within normal limits, although we regret two great losses: Rubio and Rolando; the death of the latter is a severe blow, as I had intended leaving him in charge of an eventual second front. We had four more actions; all of them were positive in general and one was very good: the ambush in which El Rubio died.*

On the other hand, the isolation continues to be complete; sickness keeps undermining the health of some of the comrades, obliging us to divide forces, which lowers effectiveness. We still have not been able to make contact with Joaquin; the peasant base is still not being formed, although it seems that through planned terror, we can neutralize most of them; support will come later. Not one person has joined up with us, and apart from the deaths, we have lost Loro, who disappeared after the action in Taperillas.

From the notes on military strategy, the following can be emphasized: a) The controls have not been effective up until now, due to their immobility and weakness; they disturb us but they do not prevent us from moving. Besides, after the last skirmish with the dogs and the instructor, it is to be presumed that they will be more careful on entering the wooded areas; b) the clamor continues, but now on both sides, and after the publication of my article in Havana, there can be no doubt about my presence here. It seems certain that the North Americans will intervene with force here and are already sending helicopters and, apparently, Green Berets, although they have not been seen here; c) the army (at least, one or two companies) has improved its technique: they surprised us in Taperillas and they were not demoralized at El Meson; d) the peasant mobilization does not exist, except for informative duties which annoy us somewhat. They are neither very rapid nor very efficient; they can be neutralized.

El Chino's status has changed, and he will be a combatant until the second or third front is formed. Danton and Carlos, fell victims of their own haste, their near desperation to leave, and of my lack of energy to stop them, so that communication with Cuba has been cut off (Danton) and the plan of action in Argentina (Carlos) has been lost.

To sum it up, it's been a month in which everything has been resolved normally, taking into consideration the necessary eventualities of the guerrilla. The morale is high for all those combatants that have passed their preliminary test as guerrilla fighters.

MAYO, 1967

[1]

WE CELEBRATED THE DATE by trailblazing, but we walked very little; we have not yet reached the dividing line of the water.

In Havana, Almeida spoke of me and the famous Bolivian guerrillas. The speech was somewhat long but good. We have sufficient food left for three days. Today Ñato killed a little bird with his slingshot. We enter the era of the bird.

[2]

A DAY OF SLOW PROGRESS and confusion with respect to our geographical situation. We walked effectively only two hours due to the difficulty in opening the paths. From a height I was able to locate a point near the Ñacahuasu which shows that we are very much to the north, but there are no traces of the Iquiri. I gave orders to Miguel and Benigno to keep trailbreaking all day long to try to reach the Iquiri or at least water, since we are without it. There is food left for five days, though it's scarce. Radio Habaña keeps up its offensive with information on Bolivia, exaggerating the news.
h=reached 1760; we slept at 1730.

[3]

AFTER A DAY OF CONTINUOUS cutting, resulting in a good walk of a little more than two hours, we came to a creek with plenty of water which seems to run due north. To-

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morrow we shall make the exploration simultaneously to see if it changes its course, and we shall keep on cutting. We have food left for only two days and it is scant. We are at a height of 1080 meters, 200 above the level of the Ñacahuasu. A faraway noise of motors is heard, the direction of which is unidentifiable.

[4]

IN THE MORNING, the path was continued while Coco and Aniceto explored the creek. They returned close to 13:00 asserting that the creek turned to the east and south; therefore it seemed to be the Iquiri. I gave an order to fetch the trailblazers and to continue walking down the river. We left at 13:30 and at 17 we stopped, already being sure the general course was east northeast; due to this fact it cannot be the Iquiri, unless it changes its course. The blazers reported that they had not found water and kept seeing *firmes;* it was resolved to keep going forward under the impression that we are going towards the Rio Grande. Only one *cacaré* was hunted and it was given to the *macheteros,* considering its minute size. We have little food for two days.

The radio gave the news of the detention of Loro, wounded in the leg; his statements are good so far. According to what everything seems to indicate, he was not wounded in the house but in some other place, presumably attempting to escape.

[5]

WE WALKED EFFECTIVELY for five hours, some 12-14 kilometers, reaching a camp built by Inti and Benigno. We are, therefore, at the Congri creek which does not appear on the map and is very much more to the north than we had thought. This raises several questions: where is the Iquiri? Could it be the one where Benigno and Aniceto were taken by surprise? Could the aggressors be Joaquin's people? For the time being we are thinking of going to El Oso where there should be breakfast left for two days, and afterwards we shall go to the old camp. Today two big birds and one *cacaré* were killed; thereby we shall save food and continue having a reserve supply for two days: dehydrated soups in bags and canned meat. Inti, Coco and El Medico are ambushed to hunt. News was given that Debray will be tried by a military court in Camiri as presumed chief or organizer of the guerrillas; his mother is arriving tomorrow and there is a great to-do about the affair.

Nothing about Loro.
h=840

[6]

THE CALCULATIONS MADE for reaching El Oso failed. The distance to the little house on the creek turned out to be greater than the one estimated, and the trail was closed, so we had to open a new path. We reached the little house at 16:30 after going over heights up to 1400 meters, with the men reluctant to walk. The next to the last meal was eaten, very scant; only one partridge was hunted and we gave it to the *machetero* (Benigno) and the two that were directly behind him on the march.

The news is centered on the Debray case.
h=1100

[7]

WE REACHED OSO'S CAMP early in the morning and there we found eight cans of milk waiting for us, with which we made a good breakfast. Some things were taken out from one of the caves nearby, among them a mauser with five anti-tank shells for Ñato who will be our bazooka man. He had a fit of vomiting and continues to be sick. Right after reaching the camp, Benigno, Urbano, Leon, Aniceto and Pablito went out to explore the little farm. We ate the last of the soups and the meat, but we have the provision of lard that was in the cave. Some footprints were seen, and there is some destruction that shows that soldiers have been here. In the early morning, the explorers arrived with empty hands; the soldiers are at the little farm and they have ruined the corn. (It's been six months since my arrival and the official initiation of the guerrilla.)

[8]

EARLY IN THE MORNING I insisted that the caves be repaired and that the can of lard be brought down for filling bottles, for that is all we have to eat. About 10:30, isolated shots were heard in the ambush; two unarmed soldiers were coming up the Ñacahuasu; Pacho thought it was a vanguard and wounded them, one in the leg and the other slightly in the abdomen. They were told that the shots were fired because they had not stopped when the signal for halting was given; naturally they didn't hear a thing. The ambush was badly coordinated and Pacho's nervous way of acting wasn't good. It was improved by sending Antonio and a few others to the right hand side. The statements of the soldiers establish that they are located near the Iquiri; but they really lied. At 12, two more were captured who were hurrying down the Ñacahuasu; they stated that they were going rapidly because they had gone out hunting, and on returning they found that the company had disappeared, so they went out looking for it. They also lied; they were really camped on the hunting plain and they were running away and looking for food on our farm because the helicopter had not come to supply them. Loads of toasted and raw corn and four cans of *caballa* plus sugar and coffee were captured on the former group; these, together with the lard which was eaten in great amounts, solved today's problem. Some got sick.

Later the sentry reported repeated explorations by soldiers who reached the corner of the river and then turned back.

Everybody was tense when there arrived what seemed to be 27 soldiers. They had seen something strange and the group commanded by 2nd Lieutenant Loredo advanced; he himself started firing and was killed on the spot, together with two more recruits. Night was falling and we continued advancing, capturing six soldiers; the rest withdraw.

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The total result shows: three dead and ten prisoners, two of them wounded; seven M-1's and four mausers, personal equipment, ammunition and a little food, which together with the lard served to assuage our hunger. We slept there.

[9]

WE AROSE AT 4 (I did not sleep), and we set the soldiers free after giving them a talking to. Their shoes were taken from them, their clothing was changed and the liars were sent off in their undershorts. They left for the little farm carrying the wounded one. At 6:30 we finished our withdrawal towards the Creek of the Monkeys by way of the cave, where we put away the spoils. Only lard is left for food. I was feeling faint and I had to sleep two hours in order to be able to keep on at a slow and staggering pace, the march thus being carried on. We ate lard soup at the first watering place. The people are weak and already there are some of us with edema. At night the army gave its report on our combat, naming their dead and wounded but not the prisoners, and announced big battles with heavy losses on our part.

[10]

WE KEEP ON ADVANCING SLOWLY. On reaching the camp where Rubio's tomb is, we found tallow and *charqui* which we had left, in bad condition. We picked up everything; there were no signs of soldiers. We crossed the Ñacahuasu with caution and we started on the road to Pirirenda by way of a ravine which Miguel had explored, but the trail still wasn't finished. We stopped at 17:00 and ate the piece of *charqui* and the tallow.
h=800

[11]

THE VANGUARD went out first; I stayed behind listening to the news. In a while Urbano came to announce that Benigno had killed a wild pig *(pecari)* and asked for permission to start a fire and skin it; we decided to remain to eat the animal while Benigno, Urbano and Miguel kept on building the trail towards the lagoon. At 14 hours we started marching again, and pitched camp at 18. Miguel and the others went on ahead.

I must talk seriously with Benigno and Urbano, for the former ate a can of fish on the day of the battle but denied it, and Urbano ate part of the *charqui* at Rubio's camp.

They gave the news of the replacement of Colonel Rocha, chief of the 4th Division, who operates in the zone.
h = 1050

[12]

WE WALKED SLOWLY. Urbano and Benigno were opening the trail. At 15, the lagoon was seen to be about five kilometers away, and a little later an old trail was found. After an hour more we came across a tremendous corn field with *zapallos,* but there was no water. We prepared roasted *joco* with some lard, and we husked and toasted corn. The explorers arrived with the news that they had dropped in at Chico's house, the very same one who is mentioned as a good friend of Lieutenant Henry Loredo in his diary. He was not in his house, but four farm hands and a servant were. The servant's husband came to look for her and was retained. A big pig was cooked with rice and fritters and *zapallo.* Pombo, Arturo, Willy and Dario stayed to guard the knapsacks. The only bad thing is that we have not located the water, apart from that at the house.

We withdrew at 15:30, at a slow pace and with almost everybody sick. The owner of the house had not arrived, and a note was left for him specifying the expenditures; the farm hands and the servant were each paid $10 for their work.
h=950

[13]

A DAY OF BELCHING, farting, vomiting and diarrhea; a genuine organ concert. We remained in absolute immobility trying to digest the pork. We have two cans of water. I was very sick until I vomited and recuperated. At night we ate corn fritters and roasted *zapallo,* plus the remains of the previous banquet, that is, those that were in condition to do so. All the radio stations were repeatedly giving out the news that a Cuban landing in Venezuela had been frustrated. The government of Leoni presented two men with their names and ranks. I do not know them, but everything indicates that something went wrong.

[14]

EARLY IN THE MORNING we left unwillingly in order to reach the Pirirenda lagoon by a trail that Benigno and Pombo had found on an exploration. Before going out, I gathered everybody together and held forth on the problems which had been faced, fundamentally the one on food. A criticism was made of Benigno for having eaten a can of fish and then denying it, of Urbano for eating *charqui* behind our backs, and of Aniceto for his eagerness to get in on everything where food is concerned and his reluctance to do anything else. During the course of the gathering we heard noises of trucks approaching. In a hiding place nearby we put away some 50 *jocos* and 200 pounds of husked corn for eventual needs.

When we were already out on our way, busy picking beans, volleys sounded nearby, and a little later we saw the aviation "ferociously bombarding us" about two or three kilometers away from our positions. The lagoon appeared as we kept going up a little hill, and the soldiers continued their shooting. At dusk we approached a house which had recently been abandoned. It was very well supplied and had water. We ate a tasty fricassee of chicken with rice, and stayed until 4:00.

[15]

AN UNEVENTFUL DAY.

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[16]

ON STARTING TO WALK I was overcome by the most violent colic, with vomiting and diarrhea. They stopped it with Demerol, and I lost consciousness while they carried me in a hammock. When I woke up I was very much relieved but smeared all over like a suckling baby. They lent me a pair of pants, but having no water my stench reaches a league away. We spent the whole day there. I drowsed. Coco explored finding a road due south-north. At night we followed it while the moon was out and then we rested. Message No. 36 arrived, whereby our total isolation can be inferred.

[17]

WE PROCEEDED on the march until 13 hours when we came upon a sawmill having signs of being abandoned some three days ago. It had sugar, corn, lard, cornmeal and water in barrels, apparently having been transported from very far away. We camped there, while explorations were made of the paths that lead from the camp and end in the woods. Raul has a tumor on his knee which is intensely painful and keeps him from walking. He was given a strong antibiotic and tomorrow a puncture will be made. We walked some 15 kilometers.
h=920

[18]

WE REMAINED ambushed all day, in case the workers or the army come; nothing happened. Miguel went out with Pablito and found the water about two hours from the camp by a side road. A puncture was made on Raul, extracting 50 cc. of purulent liquid; he was given a general anti-infectious treatment. He can hardly take a step. I pulled a tooth for the first time in this guerrilla; the first victim: Camba. We ate bread baked in a small oven and at night had a barbarous stew which put me on the brink again.

[19]

THE VANGUARD left early taking position in the ambush at the crossing of the roads. Then we went out, one part replacing the vanguard while it returned to look for Raul and then took him to the crossing; the other part of the center guard went up to the watering place to leave the knapsacks and came back to fetch Raul, who is improving slowly. Antonio made a little exploration down the creek and found an abandoned camp of soldiers where we found some dry rations. The Ñacahuasu should not be far and I figure that we should come out below the Congri. It rained all night long, taking the experts by surprise.

We have food for ten days and there is *zapallo* and corn in the neighboring regions.
h=780

[20]

A DAY WITHOUT MOVEMENT. In the morning the center guard was sent to the ambush, and in the afternoon the vanguard, under the command of Pombo, whose opinion is that the position selected by Miguel is very bad. Miguel explored down the creek finding the Ñacahuasu after two hours of walking without his knapsack. A shot was clearly heard, without knowing who had fired it. On the shores of the Ñacahuasu there are signs of another military camp with a couple of platoons. Luis was sanctioned "with the order not to go to the ambush" for his continuous protests about everything. He seems to have reacted well.

In a press conference, Barrientos denied the status of Debray as a newspaperman and announced that he will ask Congress to reestablish the death penalty. Almost every newspaperman and every foreigner questioned him about Debray; he defended himself with an incredible lack of intelligence. He is the most incapable man imaginable.

[21]

SUNDAY. No movement. The ambush was maintained by the rotation of ten men at noon. Raul improves slowly; a second puncture was made on him extracting 40 cc. of purulent liquid. He has no fever, but is in pain and can hardly walk; he is my present worry. At night we ate sumptuously: stew, corn meal, *charqui* and *zapallo* sprinkled with *mote*.

[22]

AT NOON, GUZMAN ROBLES, the man in charge of the sawmill, appeared with the driver and his son in a banged-up jeep, as was to be expected. At first, it looked like a move by the army to see what was going on, but he kept yielding and consented to go to Gutierrez at night, leaving his son as hostage; he should come back tomorrow. The vanguard will stay in ambush all night and tomorrow we shall wait until 15:00. They say it shall be necessary to withdraw because the situation will become dangerous. We had the impression that the man would not betray us, but we don't know if he can make purchases without arousing suspicions. He was paid for everything consumed in the *batey*. He gave reports about the situation in Tatarenda, Limon, Ipita, where there are no soldiers, except for a lieutenant stationed in the latter. He talks from hearsay of Tatarenda, since he has not been there.

[23]

A DAY OF TENSION. The one in charge of the sawmill did not return all day, and although there was no activity, we decided to withdraw at night and to take the big seventeen-year-old boy with us as hostage. We walked an hour along the trail by the light of the moon and slept on the road. We took a ten-day food supply with us.

[24]

IN TWO HOURS we reached the Ñacahuasu, which was free. We came out about four hours down the Congri Creek. We walked slowly, putting up with the reluctant pace and unwillingness of Ricardo, which today included Moro also.

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We arrived at the same camp that we had used on the first day of our first trip. We left no traces, nor did we see recent ones. The radio gave the news that Debray's petition for Habeas Corpus will be denied. I figure we are one or two hours away from the Saladillo; on reaching the top we shall decide what to do.

[25]

IN ONE AND A HALF HOURS we reached the Saladillo, leaving no traces. We walked about two hours up-creek, to the source of the river. There we ate and at 15:30 we walked another couple of hours until 18 when we camped at 1100 meters, without surmounting the *firme*. Then, according to the boy, a couple of leagues are left before arriving at his grandfather's *chaco* or, according to Benigno, a whole day's walk to Vargas' house on the Rio Grande. Tomorrow we shall make the decision.

[26]

AFTER TWO HOURS OF WALKING and the crossing of the 1200 meter peak, we reached the *chaco* of the brother of the boy's grandfather. Two farm hands who were working had to be detained because they were walking toward us. They turned out to be brothers-in-law of the old man, married to a sister of theirs. They were sixteen and twenty years old. They gave the information that the father of the boy made the purchases but was arrested and confessed everything. There are 30 soldiers in Ipita and they patrol the town. Since the water in the area had to be transported in barrels from Ipita, we ate fried pork with *zapallos* charred with lard. At night we left for the *chaco* which the boys have; it is located eight miles away, four toward Ipita itself and four towards the west. We arrived at dawn.
h=1100

[27]

A DAY OF LOAFING, and a bit of desperation; after all the marvelous promises, all they had was some old cane and the mill was useless. As was to be expected, the old owner of the *chaco* came at noon with his wagon, carrying water for the pigs, and when he saw something queer he returned to the place where the ambush was. He was apprehended together with the farm hand. They were held prisoners until 18 hours when we released them, together with the younger of the brothers. We told them to stay around until Monday and not to say anything. We walked two hours, and slept in a corn field, already on the road that will take us to Caraguataenda.

[28]

SUNDAY. We rose early and began to march; in one and a half hours we were within the limits of the *chacos* of Caraguataenda, and Benigno and Coco were sent to explore. They were seen by a peasant, so they apprehended him. A little later we had a colony of prisoners, without showing much fear, until an old woman began to shout, together with her children, when she was told to halt. Neither Pacho nor Pablo could make themselves detain her and she ran towards the town. We took the town at 14:00, posting ourselves at both ends. A little later a jeep from Yacimientos fell in our hands; so in all we took two jeeps and two trucks; half were privately owned and half belonged to the oil company. We ate and drank coffee, and after 50 heated arguments, we left at 19:30 for Ipitacito. There we pried open a store and took $500 in merchandise which we left in the hands of the peasants, drawing up a very ceremonious affidavit. We continued our pilgrimage, reaching Itay where they received us very well in a house where we found the teacher that owns the store in Ipitacito, and we compared the prices. I partook in the conversation, and it seems that they recognized me; they had cheese and a little bread and they gave us some with coffee, but there was a dissonant note in the reception. We went on to Espino, along the railway route to Santa Cruz, but the Ford truck from which they had taken off the power gear broke down and it took us all morning to go three leagues from Espino. The motor of the vehicle became burnt out completely and stopped altogether two leagues from there. The vanguard took the ranch and had to make four trips to bring all of us.
h=880

[29]

THE ESPINO SETTLEMENT is relatively new, for the old one was wiped out by the alluvia of 58. It is a Guarani community whose members are very shy and speak or pretend to speak very little Spanish. Nearby, there were oil workers. We inherited another truck in which we could have loaded everything, but the opportunity was lost, since Ricardo got it stuck and it could not be pulled out. The stillness was absolute, as though we were in a world apart. Coco was placed in charge of information of the roads, but it was deficient and contradictory, to the extent that we were about to leave on a somewhat dangerous journey which would take us near the Rio Grande when, at the last moment, there was a change of plans and we were obliged to go to Muchiri, a place where there is water. With all the existing problems of organization, we left at 3:30, the vanguard in the jeep (six, seven with Coco) and all the others on foot.

The radio brings us the news of Loro's escape.

[30]

AT DAYTIME we reached the railroad line and found that the road shown as the one which would take us to Michuri did not exist. Looking around, we found a straight road 500 meters from the crossing which is used by the oil workers, and the vanguard followed it in a jeep. When Antonio was returning, a boy with a dog was coming along the road with a shotgun, and on being told to halt, ran away. Faced with that news, I left Antonio ambushed at the entrance to the road and we stationed ourselves about 500 meters apart.

At 11:45 Miguel appeared with the news that he had walked 12 kilometers due east without finding any houses or water; only a road turning towards the north. I gave

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him the order to take three men in a jeep and to explore these ten kilometers to the north and to come back before dusk. At 15, when I was pleasantly sleeping, shooting from the ambush woke me. The news arrived soon; the army had advanced and had fallen into the trap. Three dead and one wounded seems to be the result. Antonio, Arturo, Ñato, Luis, Willi and Raul participated in the action. Raul was weak. We withdrew and walked 12 kilos to the crossing without finding Miguel. At this point we received news that the jeep had broken down for lack of water. We found it about three kilometers from there; we all urinated into it and added a canteen of water and thus were able to reach our goal, where Julio and Pablo were waiting. At 2 everybody was already there, gathered around a bonfire on which we roasted three turkeys and fried the pork. We kept an animal to be used to test water, to remove all doubt.

We are coming down from 750; today we reached 650.

[31]

THE JEEP CONTINUED BUCKING ALONG, with a couple of canteens of water and some urine in it. Two events happened which changed the tempo: the road due north had ended; there Miguel suspended the march and one of the security groups detained the peasant Gregorio Vargas on a side road. He was coming on his bike to prepare some traps, his trade. His attitude was not altogether clear, but he gave valuable information on the watering places. One of them was to our rear, and I sent a group of men to look for water and food. On arriving, accompanied with him as guide, they saw two army trucks and a hasty ambush was set for them, apparently wounding two men. When the first blank bullet that Ñato used to launch his anti-tank grenade missed, he used a regular war bullet and the thing exploded right under his nose. No harm was done to his person, but the trombone was destroyed. We kept on withdrawing without being harassed by planes and walked 15 kilometers, even though it was dark, until we found a second watering place. The jeep gave out its last gasps, due to lack of gasoline and overheating. We spent the night eating.

The army issued a dispatch yesterday admitting the death of a second lieutenant and a soldier and claiming to have "seen" some dead on our part. Tomorrow I intend to cross the railroad to look for mountains.

h=620

MONTHLY SUMMARY: *The negative point is the impossibility to make contact with Joaquin, notwithstanding our pilgrimage over the mountain ridges. There are indications that he has moved to the north.*

From the military point of view, three new combats, causing enemy losses without suffering any ourselves and the penetrations into Pirirenda and Caraguarenda, indicate success. The dogs have been declared incompetent and have been withdrawn from circulation.

The most important characteristics are:

1) Total lack of contact with Manila, La Paz and Joaquin, which reduces the group to 25 men.

2) Complete lack of incorporation of the peasants, although they are losing their fear of us, and we are succeeding in winning their admiration. It's a slow and patient task.

3) The party, through Kolle, offers its collaboration, apparently without reservations.

4) The repeated clamor about the Debray case has given more belligerency to our movement than ten victorious combats.

5) The guerrilla continues acquiring a predominant and secure morale which, well-managed, is a warranty of success.

6) The army goes on without being organized and its technique does not improve substantially .

The news of the month is the apprehension and escape of Loro, who should now come back to us or go to La Paz to make contact.

The army issued the communication about the detention of all the peasants who collaborated with us in the zone of Masicuri. Now comes the period when both sides shall exert pressure upon the peasants but in different ways; our triumph will mean the necessary qualitative change for a leap in development.

JUNIO, 1967

[1]

I SENT THE VANGUARD to station themselves along the way and to explore for three kilometers as far as the crossing of the road that leads to the oil fields. Aircraft have begun to circle around the zone, which confirms the information given on the radio, in the sense that the weather had made action difficult during the last few days, but that now it would be reinitiated. A strange dispatch was given out concerning two dead and three wounded, but it is impossible to know whether they are referring to the old ones or the new ones. After eating at 5, we headed toward the road. Seven or eight kilometers were covered uneventfully, walking one and a half along the road and then taking an abandoned lane, which should lead us to a *chaco* seven kilos from here, but everybody was tired and we slept halfway there. During the entire journey, only one far-off shot was heard.

[2]

WE MADE THE SEVEN KILOMETERS predicted by Gregorio and reached the *chaco*. There we caught a fat pig and killed it, but at that very moment Braulio Robles' cowhand, with his son and two farm hands, appeared. One of them turned out to be Symuni, the owner's *achacao*.

We carried the butchered pig on their horses for three kilos, until we reached the river. There we held them while we hid Gregorio, whose disappearance was known. Just as we were reaching the center, an army truck with two little soldiers and some barrels passed, an easy prey, but it was a day of frolic and pork. We spent the night cooking and

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at 3:30 we released the four peasants, paying them $10 each for the day. At 4:30 Gregorio was going to go, but he waited to eat. We gave him $100. The water from the creek is bitter.
h = 800

[3]

WE LEFT AT 6:30 along the left border of the riverbed and walked until 12, when Ricardo and Benigno were sent to explore the road, finding a good place for the ambush. Ricardo and I took position at 13, each with a group in the center, Pombo at the end, and Miguel, with the entire vanguard, in an ideal place. A truck with pigs which we let go by passed at 14:30; at 16:20 a truck with empty bottles passed and at 17 the same army truck as yesterday went by with two little soldiers wrapped in blankets in the back of the vehicle. I didn't have the courage to shoot at them and my brain didn't function fast enough to detain them, so we let them pass. We left the ambush at 18, and continued down the way until we reached the creek again. Just as we arrived, four trucks in a row and later three more passed, apparently without troops.

[4]

WE CONTINUED WALKING along the edge of the creek with the intention of setting up another ambush, if the conditions were favorable, but we came across a trail that led to the west and we followed it; later it continued along a dry ravine and turned to the south. At 14:45 we stopped to make coffee and oatmeal beside a puddle of muddy water, but it took a long time and so we decided to camp right there. At night, the strong south wind let loose with a steady drizzle that lasted all night.

[5]

WE LEFT THE TRAIL and continued cutting through the woods under a persistent south wind drizzle. We walked until 17 hours, actually two and a quarter hours, breaking through the heavy thicket on the slopes of the mountains in this region. Fire became the great God of the journey. It was a blank day with respect to food; we saved the salty water in our canteens for tomorrow's breakfast.
h=250

[6]

AFTER A MEAGER BREAKFAST, Miguel, Benigno and Pablito went out to open the trail and explore. At approximately 14 hours, Pablo returned with the news that they had reached an abandoned *chaco* with cattle. We all began the move, following the course of the river, crossing the *chaco* and reaching the Rio Grande. From there an exploratory mission was sent out to take a house if they saw one close by and isolated. They succeeded, and the first news showed that we were three kilometers from Puerto Camacho, where there are 50 soldiers. They are connected by a path. We spent the night cooking pork and *locro*. Today's march was not all we had expected, and we departed at dawn, tired.

[7]

WE WALKED AT A MODERATE PACE, rejecting old ranches, until the guide, one of the owner's sons, announced that there were no more. We continued along the beach until we found another *chaco*, which he had not spoken of, with *jocos*, cane, bananas, and a few beans. We made camp here. The boy who was acting as guide began to complain of severe abdominal pains; we did not know whether it was so or whether he was pretending.
h=560

[8]

WE MOVED THE CAMP approximately 300 meters away so as to be free from a double vigilance from the beach and the *chaco*, although later on we found out that the owner had not made a road and always came by barge. Benigno, Pablo, Urbano and Leon left to try to make a trail that would cut across the cliff, but returned in the afternoon, saying that it was impossible. I had to admonish Urbano for his injudicious manner. We agreed to make a raft tomorrow, near the cliff.

News is being given out concerning the state of siege and the threats of the miners, but it all means nothing.

[11]

A DAY OF ABSOLUTE TRANQUILLITY; we stayed in ambush but the army did not advance; only a small plane flew over the zone for a few minutes. It is possible that they are waiting for us at the Rosita. The trail across the *firme* almost reaches the top of the hill. We shall leave tomorrow at any rate. We still have enough food for five or six days.

[12]

WE UNDERTOOK THE MARCH, believing that we would be able to reach the Rosita, or at least the Rio Grande again. Upon reaching a small watering place, the situation began to look difficult, so we stayed there, waiting for news. At 15, another report arrived that there was a larger watering place further along, but it was not possible to go down yet. We decided to stay here. The day began to take a turn for the worse, and finally, the heavy south wind gifted us with a cold, wet night. There was an interesting piece of news on the radio tonight—the newspaper *Presencia* announced one dead and another wounded on the army's side during the clash on Saturday. This is very good and almost certainly true, which means we are maintaining a tempo of clashes with deaths. Another broadcast announces three more deaths, among them Inti, one of the guerrilla chiefs. They also announce the foreign composition of the guerrilla: 17 Cubans, 14 Brazilians, 4 Argentinians, 3 Peruvians. It is necessary to find out where they got the information; the number of Cubans and Peruvians is correct.
h=900

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[13]

WE WALKED ONLY AN HOUR, until we reached the next watering place, as the *chaqueadores* reached neither the Rosita nor the river. It is very cold. They may arrive tomorrow. We have barely enough food for five days.

The interesting thing is the political upheaval in the country, fabulous numbers of pacts and counterpacts that are in the air. Seldom has the possibility of catalyzing the guerrilla been seen so clearly.
h=840

[14]

CELITA (4?)

We spent the day in the cold watering place, next to the fire, waiting for news from Miguel and Urbano, who were the *chaqueadores*. The time set for moving was 15, but Urbano arrived late, believing the Rio Grande could be reached because they had reached a creek and had seen some trail marks. We stayed there, eating the last of the stew; the only thing we have left is a ration of peanuts and three of *mote*.

I have reached thirty-nine, and inexorably the age is approaching which forces me to think of my future as a guerrilla fighter; however, for the time being I am sound.
h = 840

[15]

WE WALKED FOR A little less than three hours in order to reach the edge of the Rio Grande, to a place familiar to us. I calculate it to be about two hours from the Rosita; Nicolas, the peasant, said three kilometers. He was given $150 and the opportunity to leave, and he took off in a flash. We stayed in the very place where we arrived; Aniceto made an exploration and said that the river can be crossed. We ate peanut soup and a little boiled *palmito de totai* fried in lard. We only have *mote* left for three days.
h=610

[16]

WE HAD WALKED A KILOMETER when we saw the men of the vanguard on the other side. Pacho had found the ford and had crossed it while exploring. We crossed with the icy water up to our waists and with some current—without mishap. We arrived at the Rosita an hour later, where we noticed some old footprints, apparently the army's. We then became aware that the Rosita was deeper than we had foreseen and that there are no traces of the trail marked on the map. We walked for an hour in the icy water and then decided to camp so as to take advantage of the *palmito de totai* and to try to find a beehive that Miguel had seen while exploring yesterday; we did not find it, and ate only *mote* and *palmito* with lard. There is still food for tomorrow and the day after *(mote)*. We walked for three kilometers down the Rosita and another three down the Rio Grande.
h = 610

[17]

WE WALKED 15 KILOMETERS down the Rosita in five and a half hours, crossing four creeks, even though the Abapocito was the only one marked on the map. Many signs were found indicating recent transit. Ricardo killed a *hochi* and this plus some *mote* was our food for the day. There is some *mote* left for tomorrow, but we shall probably find something while hunting.

[18]

MANY OF US BURNED OUR BRIDGES by eating all the *mote* for breakfast. At 11, after a two and a half hour march, we arrived at a *chaco* which had *yuca,* cane—with a mill to grind it—*jocos* and rice. We prepared a protein-free meal and sent Benigno and Pablo out to explore. They arrived two hours later with the news that they had come across a peasant whose house was 500 meters away and that there were others coming farther back, who were apprehended when they arrived.

At night we changed our campsite, sleeping at the boy's ranch, which was located close to the beginning of the road which comes from Abapo, seven leagues from here. Their houses are 10-15 kilometers away from the juncture of the Mosquera and Oscura Rivers, situated on the latter.
h=680

[19]

WE WALKED SOME 15 kilometers in order to reach a ranch that was made up of three houses containing the same number of families. The Galvez family lives two kilometers away, right near the junction of the Mosquera and the Oscuro. It is necessary to hunt down the inhabitants to be able to talk with them, for they are just like little animals. In general, we were well-received, but Calixto, who had recently been named mayor by a military commission which had just passed through here a month ago, was reserved and reluctant to sell us a few little things. At dusk, three pork merchants with a revolver and mauser rifle arrived; the vanguard sentry let them pass. Inti, who interrogated them did not take their weapons away, and Antonio, who kept watch on them, did it carelessly. Calixto assured me that they were traders from Postrer Valle and that he knew them.
h=680

There is another river that flows into the Rosita on the left side, which is called Suspiro; nobody lives along its course.

[20]

IN THE MORNING, Paulino, one of the boys from the ranch down below, informed us that the three individuals were not traders either: one was a lieutenant and the other two did not belong to that trade. The information was obtained from Calixto's daughter, who is his girlfriend. Inti went with several men and gave them until 9 to make the officer come out. If not, all would be shot. The officer came out

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immediately, crying. He is a second lieutenant of the police force who was sent with a carabineer and the Postrer Valle teacher who came as a volunteer. They were sent by a colonel who is stationed in this town with 60 soldiers. Their mission included a long trip for which they were given four days, including other points along the way of the Oscura River. Killing them was considered, but I later decided to send them back after a severe warning about the rules of war. When investigating to see how they had passed, it was confirmed that Antonio had abandoned the watch to call Julio, and that during this lapse, they had gotten through. Also, Aniceto and Luis were found sleeping on sentry duty. They were sanctioned with seven days' kitchen duty and one without eating roasted or fried pork or the stew which was abundantly served. The prisoners shall be stripped of all their belongings.

[21]

MOTHER

After two days of profuse dental extractions for which I became named Fernando Sacamuelas (alias) Chaco, I closed my consulting office and we left in the afternoon, walking a little more than an hour. I rode a mule for the first time in this war. The three prisoners were taken down the road of the Mosquera for an hour's journey or more and stripped of all their belongings, including watches and brogues. We intended to take Calixto, the mayor, as a guide, together with Paulino, but he was sick, or pretended to be, and we left him with a strict warning, but it probably won't be any good. Paulino has promised to go to Cochabamba with my message. A letter will be given to him to take to Inti's wife, plus a coded letter for Manila and the four communiques. The fourth explains the composition of the guerrilla and clears up the lie surrounding Inti's death; it is (text mutilated). We shall now see whether we can establish contact with the city. Paulino pretended to be our prisoner.
h=750

[22]

WE MARCHED FOR THREE HOURS, leaving the Oscura or Morocos River in order to reach a watering place in a spot called Pasiones. We checked on the map and everything indicated that we were no less than six leagues from Florida or from the first place where there were houses, Piray, where one of Paulino's brothers-in-law lives, but he did not know the way. We intended to continue, taking advantage of the moon, but it was not worthwhile due to the distance.
h = 950 ms.

[23]

WE ONLY WALKED AN HOUR EFFECTIVELY, as the trail had been lost and it took all morning and part of the afternoon to find it; we spent the rest of the day preparing it for tomorrow. St. John's Eve was not so cold as could be imagined according to its fame.
h = 1050

Asthma is threatening me seriously and there is very little medicine in reserve.

[24]

WE WALKED ABOUT TWELVE KILOMETERS in all, four hours effectively. There were intervals where the way was clear and could be seen, but there were others where we had to guess. We descended an incredible cliff following the tracks of some cattlemen who were herding cattle. We camped near a brook on the slopes of the Cerro Duran. The radio brings news of the miners' struggle. My asthma is getting worse.
h=1200

[25]

WE CONTINUED ALONG the path made by the cattlemen without reaching them. In the middle of the morning, there was a pasture on fire and a plane flew over the zone. We did not know what the relation was between the two facts, but we continued, and at 16 hours reached the residence of Paulino's sister in Piray. In this zone there are three houses; one was abandoned, nobody was at home in the other, and Paulino's sister with four children was in the third. Her husband had gone to Florida with Paniagua, the neighbor from the other house. Everything seemed to be in order. Paniagua's daughter lives one kilometer away and it was there where we decided to make camp, buying a calf, which was butchered immediately. Coco, together with Julio, Camba, and Leon were sent to Florida to do some purchasing, but they found out that the army was there, some 50 men. They were expecting another 70 or 80 to arrive. The owner is an old man, who is called Fenelon Coca.

The Argentine radio gives the news of 87 victims, the Bolivian news does not even mention the number (Siglo XX). My asthma continues getting worse and now I cannot sleep well.
h=780

[26]

A BLACK DAY FOR ME. It seemed that everything was going well and five men had been sent to replace the ones stationed in ambush on the road to Florida, when shots were heard. We went there rapidly on horseback and came across a strange sight: in the midst of silence, four dead little soldiers were lying in the sun on the sands of the river. We could not take the weapons because the enemy position was unknown; it was 17 hours and we were waiting for nightfall to take the guns. Miguel sent someone to warn that he had heard the sound of branches being broken on his left; Antonio and Pacho went and the order was not to shoot without seeing. Almost immediately firing was heard, which rapidly spread to both sides, and the order was given to withdraw, as we were bound to lose under these conditions.

The withdrawal was slow and a report of two wounded was brought: Pombo wounded in the leg and Tuma in the abdomen. They were rapidly taken to the house to be operated on, with whatever we had. Pombo was only slightly wounded, and his lack of mobility will bring only head-

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aches. Tuma's liver was crushed and he had abdominal perforations; he died during the operation. He had been an inseparable comrade of mine throughout the preceding years, loyal until the end, and whose absence I shall always feel like that of a son. When he fell in combat, he asked that I be given his watch, and as it was not taken so as to attend him, he took it off and gave it to Arturo. This gesture revealed his wish to have it given to his son, whom he has never seen. This I had done with the watches of the two other comrades who have also been killed. I shall carry it with me throughout the war. We carried his body and took it to be buried far from there.

We took two more spies as prisoners; a lieutenant of the carabineers and a carabineer. They were given a lecture and set free. Due to a misinterpretation, they left wearing only their undershorts, as I had said that they were to be stripped of everything that could be useful to us.

[27]

I CARRIED OUT the grievous task of badly burying Tuma. We continued on the journey arriving in Tejeria by day. The vanguard left on a 15 kilometer trek at 14 and we at 14:30. The trip was long for the latter, who were overtaken by the nightfall and had to wait for the moon, reaching Paliza's house—where the guides were from—at 2:30.

We returned two animals to the owner of the house in Tajeria who is a nephew of the old Lady Paniagua, so he would send them to her.
h=850

[28]

A GUIDE WAS OBTAINED for $40 who offered to take us to the crossroads that led to Don Lucas' house; but we decided to stay in another house which had a watering hole. We left late, and the last two, Moro and Ricardo, took an extremely long time so I could not hear the news. We averaged a kilometer an hour. According to the reports, the army, or some radio station, spoke of tnree deaths and two wounded in a clash with guerrillas in the zone of Mosquera; it has to be a reference to our combat, but four corpses were seen with almost absolute certainty, unless one of them managed to pretend to be dead.

We found the house of a certain Zea, which was not inhabited, but it had several cows whose calves were closed in.
h=1150

[29]

I HAD A SERIOUS CONVERSATION with Moro and Ricardo about the delay, especially with Ricardo. Coco and Dario, from the vanguard, left on horseback with their knapsacks, together with Moro. El Ñato took his knapsack—as well as mine and Pombo's—on a mule, since he is in charge of the animals. Pombo was able to arrive with relative ease on a mare; we lodged him in Don Lucas' house, who lives on the peak, 1800 high, and was there with two daughters; one of them had a goiter. There are two more houses; one of them belongs to a sporadic worker, who has almost nothing, and the other is well off. The night was cold and rainy. The reports say that Barchelon is a half-day walk, but according to two peasants who came down the trail, the road is very bad; the owner of the house does not say the same and assured us that it can be repaired easily. The peasants came to visit the owner of the other house and were detained for being suspicious.

On the way, I had a conversation with our troop, now composed of 24 men. I pointed out Chino as an example among the men; I explained the meaning of the deaths and what the loss of Tuma meant to me personally, whom I considered almost my son. I criticized the lack of self-discipline and the slowness of the march and promised to give some basic instructions so that the same thing that happened in the ambush would not happen again, useless losses of life for not obeying rules.

[30]

OLD LUCAS gave some information about his neighbors, which shows that the army has already been making preparations out here. One of them, Andulfo Diaz, is the secretary general of the Farm Workers Union in the zone, in favor of Barrientos; the other is an old, talkative man who was let go because he was paralytic, and another is a coward who may talk so as not to have problems—according to his colleagues. The old man promised to accompany us and to help open the way to Barchelon; the two peasants will follow us. We spent the day resting, as it was rainy and disagreeable.

On the political side, the most important news is the official declaration by Ovando that I am here. Besides that, he said that the army was facing a perfectly trained guerrilla, which even included Viet Cong majors who had defeated the best North American regiments. It is based on Debray's declarations which, it seems, revealed more than necessary, though we do not know what implications this has, nor what the circumstances were under which he said what he did. It is also rumored that Loro was murdered. I am attributed to being the one who inspired the insurrectional plan in the mines, coordinating it with the one in Ñancahuasu. Things are looking up; within a short time I shall stop being Fernando Sacamuelas. A message was received from Cuba, in which the slow development of the Peruvian situation was explained, wherein they barely have arms or men and have spent large sums of money and speak of a so-called guerrilla organization among Paz Estensoro, a Colonel Seano and a certain Ruben Julio, the wealthy *muvista* from the zone of Pando; would (TEXT MUTILATED) yamirin. It is (TEXT MUTILATED).

MONTHLY ANALYSIS: *The negative points are: the impossibility to make contact with Joaquin and the gradual loss of men, each of which constitutes a serious defeat, although the army does not know it. We have had two small combats during the month, causing the army four deaths and three wounded, according to their own information.*

The most important characteristics are:

1) The almost total lack of contacts continues, which re-

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duces us to 24 men, with Pombo wounded and the mobility reduced.

2) We continue to feel the lack of peasant incorporation. It is a vicious circle: to obtain this incorporation we need to carry out permanent action in populated territory, and to do this we need more men.

3) The guerrilla legend grows and grows; we are now invincible supermen.

4) The lack of contacts extends to the party, although we have made an attempt through Paulino, which may be successful.

5) Debray continues being news, but now as related to my case, in which I appear as leader of this movement. We shall see the result of this step taken by the government and find out whether it is positive or negative.

6) The morale of the guerrilla continues to be solid, and the decision to fight is increasing. All the Cubans are examples in combat and there are only two or three weak Bolivians.

7) The army continues to be nil with respect to military tasks, but they are working on the peasants in a way that must not be underestimated, as they transform all the members of the community into informers, whether by fear or by deceiving them with respect to our objective.

8) The massacre in the mines has well cleared up the panorama for us and if the proclamations can be spread, it will help greatly to clear things up.

Our most urgent task is to re-establish contact with La Paz, to be resupplied with military equipment and medicine and to obtain the incorporation of 50-100 men from the city, even though the number of active combatants will be reduced to 10-25.

JULIO, 1967

[1]

BEFORE THE DAY HAD CLEARED completely, we left in the direction of Barchelon, Barcelona on the map. Old man Lucas lent a hand to repair the road, but despite everything, it remained quite abrupt and slippery. The vanguard left in the morning and we left at noon, spending all afternoon going up and down the ravine. We had to stay and sleep in the first *chaco* and were separated from the vanguard who had gone ahead. There were three boys by the family name of Yepez, exceedingly shy. Barrientos held a press conference in which he admitted my presence here, but predicted that within a few days we would be wiped out. He made the usual string of stupid statements, calling us rats and vipers, and repeated that he intended to punish Debray.
h = 1550 ms.

We detained a peasant called Andres Coca, whom we ran into on the road and took Roque and his son Pedro along with us.

[2]

IN THE MORNING we joined the vanguard which had camped on the hill at the house of Don Nicomedes Arteaga, where there is an orange grove. They sold cigarettes to us. The main house is farther down the Piojera River and we went there, eating sumptuously. The Piojera River runs through a very narrrow and steep canyon and it is necessary to travel downstream on foot in the direction of the Angostura; the way out is towards the Junta, another point on the same river, which cuts through a rather high hill. It is important because it is a junction. This place is 950 meters high and is much more temperate; here the *garapatilla* is exchanged for *marigui*. The settlement is comprised of the residences of Arteaga and his children. They have a small coffee plantation where people from nearby places come to work on a share basis. Now there are about six farm hands from the San Juan zone.

Pombo's leg is not healing fast enough, which is probably due to the endless trips on horseback, but he has no complications nor are they feared any longer.

[3]

WE REMAINED THERE ALL DAY, trying to give Pombo's leg a chance to rest. High prices are being offered to make purchases, and this causes the peasants to mix fear with interest and to get the things for us. I took some pictures and this aroused their interest. Let's see how we get them developed, enlarged and delivered to them: three problems. An airplane flew over in the afternoon, and at night somebody talked of the danger of night bombardments, but everybody went out anyhow when we stopped them and explained that there was no danger. My asthma keeps bothering me.

[6]

WE WENT OUT EARLY in the direction of Peña Colorada, crossing an inhabited zone where we were received with terror. At dusk we reached the Palermo Height, 1600 meters, and started the descent toward the place where there is a little *pulperia*. There we made purchases just in case. It was already night when we came upon the highway where there was only the small house of an old widow. The vanguard did not carry this out as well as they could have, due to indecisions. The plan was to take a vehicle coming from Sumaipata to find out the prevailing conditions and to leave for there with the driver of the vehicle, take the DIC, do buying in the drugstore, raid the hospital, buy some canned goods and delicacies and then return.

The plan was changed because there were no vehicles coming from Sumaipata, and news was received that they were not detaining vehicles in that locality, which meant that the barrier had been lifted. Ricardo, Coco, Pacho, Aniceto, Julio and Chino were commissioned for the action. They stopped a truck that was coming from Santa Cruz without anything happening, but another was coming behind that stopped to offer help and so it was to be detained; there the give and take began with a lady who was traveling in the truck and who did not want to take her daughter out. A third truck stopped to see what was happening and then the road became obstructed, a fourth due to the indecision of the men. Things were settled and the four vehicles stayed on one side and a driver said he was resting

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when asked about it. The men left in a truck, arrived at Sumaipata, captured two carabineers, and then Lieutenant Vacaflor, chief of the post. We forced the sergeant to give the watchword, and they took the post with ten soldiers in a lightning action, after a good skirmish of cross-fire with a soldier who resisted. They succeeded in capturing five mausers and one Z-B-30 and placed the ten prisoners in a truck, leaving them naked one kilometer from Sumaipata.

In the order of events, the action was a failure; Chino allowed himself to be influenced by Pacho and Julio, and nothing useful was bought. They didn't buy the medicine that I needed, although they did buy the most indispensable for the guerrilla. The action was carried out in front of a large group of travelers and in front of the whole town so the word will travel like wildfire. By 2, we were walking back with the booty.

[7]

WE WALKED WITHOUT any rest until we reached the same field where we had been well-received by a man the last time we were there—which is one league away from Ramon's house. Fear continues to run rampant among the people; the man sold us a pig and was amiable, but warned us that there were 200 men in Los Ajos and that his brother had just arrived from San Juan and had announced that there were 100 soldiers there. I wanted to pull some of his teeth but he didn't want me to. My asthma is getting worse.

[8]

WE WALKED CAUTIOUSLY from the house where the cane was, to River Piojera and the way was clear. There weren't even rumors about soldiers, and the people coming from San Juan denied that there had been any there either. It seems to have been a trick on the part of the man to make us go. We walked about two leagues along the river to El Pavo and another league from there to the cave, where we arrived when night was falling. We are near El Filo.

I injected myself several times in order to be able to go on, ending up using a 1:900 adrenalin solution prepared for collyrium. If Paulino has not fulfilled his mission, we will have to return to the Ñacahuasu to get medicine for my asthma.

The army issued the dispatch about the action, acknowledging one dead which must have resulted from the shooting when Ricardo, Coco and Pacho took the small military post.

[9]

ON LEAVING, we lost our way and we spent the morning looking for it. At noon we followed a path which was not very clear and which took us to the highest altitude reached up to now, 1840 meters. Shortly afterwards, we arrived at a *tapera* where we spent the night. There is no certainty about the road to El Filo.

The radio gave out news of a 14 point agreement between the workers of Catavi and Siglo XX and the Comibol Enterprise; this means total defeat for the workers.

[10]

WE LEFT LATE because a horse had been lost which later appeared. We passed by the highest altitude of 1900 meters by way of a seldom-used road. At 15:30 a *tapera* was reached where we decided to pass the night, but we had a disagreeable surprise when we learned that the roads were ending. An exploration of unused trails was made but they led nowhere. In front there are some *chacos,* which could be El Filo.

The radio gave out news of a clash with guerrillas in the zone of El Dorado, which does not appear on the map and is located between Sumaipata and Rio Grande; they acknowledged one wounded and claimed that we have two dead.

On the other hand, the statements by Debray and Pelao are not good; especially in that they have made a confession about the intercontinental purpose of the guerrilla, something they did not have to do.

[11]

RETURNING ON A RAINY, FOGGY day, we lost all roads and became separated from the vanguard who had gone to reopen an old trail. We killed a calf.

[12]

WE SPENT THE WHOLE DAY waiting for word from Miguel, but it was not until dusk that Julio arrived with the news that the descent had been made to a creek running due south. We remained in the same place. My asthma gave me a hard time.

Now the radio is giving different news; the most important part seems to be true. A combat on the Iquira is mentioned, claiming one dead on our part, whose body they took to Lagunillas. The euphoria about the corpse shows that there is some truth in the matter.

[13]

IN THE MORNING, considering how bad the weather was, we went down a steep and slippery hill finding Miguel at 11:30. I had sent Camba and Pacho to explore a trail which turned away from the one following the course of the creek, and he came back an hour later with the news that *chacos* and houses could be seen, and they had entered an abandoned one. We moved there and then, by following the course of the little creek, we reached the first house where we spent the night. The owner of the house came later and told us that a woman, the mayor's mother, had seen us and must have already informed the soldiers who are in the rancho of El Filo itself, which is a league from here. A watch was kept all night.

[14]

AFTER A NIGHT OF CONSTANT DRIZZLING, it continued the same way all day, but at 12 we went out with two guides, Pablo, the mayor's brother-in-law and Aurelio Mancilla, the man in the first house. The women were left weeping. We

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came to a point where the roads branch off; one goes to Florida and Moraco and the other one to Pampa. The guides proposed the one to Pampa so a recently opened trail to the Mosquera could be followed, and it was accepted. But when we had walked some 500 meters we ran across a little soldier and a peasant who were carrying a load of corn meal on a horse and a message for the 2nd lieutenant in El Filo from his colleague in Pampa, where there are 30 soldiers. We decided to change course and entered the road to Florida, pitching camp a while later.

The PRA and the PSB withdrew from the Revolutionary Front, and the peasants warned Barrientos of an alliance with Falange. The government is disintegrating rapidly; it is too bad that we do not have 100 more men at this moment.

[15]

WE WALKED ONLY A LITTLE due to the bad road, abandoned many years ago. On the advice of Aurelio, we killed one of the mayor's cows, eating sumptuously. My asthma is somewhat better.

Barrientos announced the Operation Cintia to wipe us out in a few hours.

[16]

WE STARTED MARCHING very slowly, due to the intensive work of cutting the underbrush, and the animals suffered greatly due to the bad conditions of the road. We came to the end of our journey without any major incident, reaching a canyon where it is impossible to continue with the loaded horses. Miguel and four men from the vanguard went on ahead and slept apart.

There was no news on the radio worth of attention. We reached an altitude of 1600 meters near Duran Peak, which was on our left.

[17]

WE KEPT ON WALKING but slowly because the trail was difficult to follow. We had hoped to arrive at an orange grove which the guide had pointed out, but when we did, we found the trees were dry. There is a pond which was suitable for camping. We didn't march more than three hours effectively. It looks like we shall end up on the road we used to reach Piray. We are beside El Duran.
h = 1560 ms.

[18]

AFTER ONE HOUR on the road, the guide lost the route and said that he didn't know any more. At last an old trail was found and, while it was being opened, Miguel followed it, cutting through the thicket, and he reached the crossing of the road to Piray. On arriving at a creek where we camped, the three peasants and the little soldier were released, after I gave them a lecture. Coco went out with Pablito and Pacho to find out whether Paulino had left anything in the hole; they should come back tomorrow night if everything goes well. The little soldier says he is going to desert.
h = 1300 ms.

[19]

WE WENT A SHORT STRETCH to the old camp, and there we remained. We reinforced watch, waiting for Coco who arrived at 18:00, announcing that nothing had changed there; the rifle is in its place and there are no traces of Paulino. On the contrary, there are many traces of the passing of troops, and they have also left their tracks in the part of the road where we are.

The political news is about a tremendous crisis, the outcome of which cannot be predicted. In the meantime, the agricultural unions of Cochabamba have formed a political party "of Christian inspiration" which supports Barrientos who has asked to be "allowed to govern for four years." It is almost an imploration. Siles Salinas threatens the opposition by saying that our rise to power will cost the heads of everyone and clamors for national unity, placing the country in a state of war. He seems to be imploring on one side and demagogical on the other; perhaps he is preparing for a substitution.

[20]

WE WALKED CAUTIOUSLY until reaching the first of two little houses where one of the Paniagua boys and Paulino's son-in-law were found. They did not know anything about him, except that the army was looking for him because he had been our guide. The footprints correspond to a group of 100 men who had passed a week after we did and who continued on to Florida. It seems that the army suffered losses of three dead and two wounded in the ambush. Coco, with Camba, Leon and Julio were ordered to explore Florida and buy whatever they could find.

They came back at four with some food and a man called Melgar, the owner of two of our horses, who has offered to be of service to us. He brought detailed and quite certain information from which the following could be deducted: four days after our departure Tuma's corpse was discovered, eaten by the animals; the army advanced only the day after the combat and after the appearance of the naked lieutenant. The action of Sumaipata is known in minute detail and with a few things added and is cause for mockery by the peasants; they found Tuma's pipe and a few scattered belongings; a major called Soperna seemed to sympathize with us or to be an admirer; the army reached the house of Coca where Tuma had died and from there went on to Tejeria, returning to Florida. Coco considered using the man to carry the letter, but it seemed more prudent to me to test him first by sending him to purchase some medicine. Megar talked to us about a group that is coming here, in which there is a woman, having learned this in a letter from the mayor of Rio Grande written to the one here. As the man is on his way to Florida, we sent Inti, Coco and Julio to interview him. He denied having news of another group but in general confirmed the statements of the other one. We passed a miserable night because of the water. The radio gave the news of the identification

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of the corpse of the dead guerrilla as that of Moises Guevara, but Ovando, in a press conference, was very cautious with respect to this and blamed the identification on the Ministry of Interior. The possibility exists that the whole thing is a farce or the supposed identification invented.
h = 680 ms.

[21]

WE SPENT A CALM DAY. A conversation was held with the old man Coca about a cow that he had sold us which was not his, and then he later said that he had not been paid for it. Shortly after that, he emphatically denied the fact. We told him that he had to pay for it.

At night we went to Tejeria, buying a big pig and *chancaca*. Inti, Benigno and Aniceto, who are the ones who went there, were received very well.

[22]

WE LEFT EARLY, with a heavy load on the men and the animals, with the intention of misleading everybody about our presence here. We left the road that leads to Moroco and took the one to the lagoon, one or two kilometers to to the south. Unfortunately, we did not know the rest of the way, and we had to send out explorers. In the meantime, Mancilla and the Paniagua boy appeared near the lagoon herding cattle. They were warned not to say anything but now things are very different. We walked a couple of hours sleeping by the edge of a creek which has a trail due southeast, following its course and others less noticeable to the south.

The radio brings the news that the wife of Bustos (Pelao) confirms that he saw me here, but she says he came with other intentions.
h = 640 ms.

[23]

WE STAYED IN THE SAME CAMP while explorations of the two possible trails were being made. One of them leads to the Rio Seco, at a point where the waters of the Piray pour into it and have not yet been absorbed by the sand; that is, between the ambush we set and Florida. The other one leads to a *tapera* some two to three hours away and, according to Miguel, who made the exploration, it is possible to come out at the Rosita from there. Tomorrow we shall take that trail, which could be one of Melgar's, according to the stories that he told Coco and Julio.

[24]

WE WALKED ABOUT THREE HOURS following the explored trail, which made us go over heights of 1000 meters, camping at 940 meters along the shore of a creek. The roads end here. The whole day tomorrow must be spent looking for the best way out. Here there is a series of *chacos* in production which show their relation to Florida; it could be the place called Canalones. We are trying to decipher a long message from Manila. Raul talked at the graduation of officers of the Maximo Gomez School and, among other things, he refuted the qualifications made by the Czechs in my message on many Vietnams. The friends call me a new Bakunin, regretting the blood spilled and that to be spilled in case of three or four Vietnams.

[25]

WE SPENT THE DAY RESTING, sending three pairs to explore different points with Coco, Benigno and Miguel in charge. Coco and Benigno came out at the same place, and from there it is possible to take the road to Moroco. Miguel reported with absolute certainty that the creek flows into the Rosita, and that it is possible to walk along it opening the trail with a machete.

Two actions are reported, one in Taperas and another one in San Juan del Potrero, which could not have been carried out by the same group, and the unknown factor emerges as to whether it really happened and, if it did, whether the facts are true.

[26]

BENIGNO, CAMBA AND URBANO were commissioned to build a road by the creek that bypasses Moroco. The rest of the personnel stayed in the camp, and the center set an ambush in the rear. Nothing happened. The news of the action in San Juan del Potrero was spread in detail by the foreign radio broadcasts; the capture of 15 soldiers and one colonel, spoils and liberty—our technique. That point is on the other side of the Cochabamba-Santa Cruz back road. At night I gave a short talk on the meaning of the 26th of July; rebellion against oligarchies and revolutionary dogmas. Fidel mentioned Bolivia.

[27]

WE HAD EVERYTHING ready to leave, and the men in ambush had received the order to set it automatically at 11, when Willie arrived—just a few minutes before that time—and announced that the army was there. Willie, Ricardo, Inti, Chino, Leon and Eustaquio went there and carried out the action together with Antonio, Arturo and Chapaco.

This is how it happened: eight soldiers appeared at the top, walked toward the south, followed an old path and returned shooting some mortar shells and signaling with a piece of cloth. Once, the name Melgar was called out; he could be the one from Florida. After resting awhile, the eight little soldiers started the march toward the ambush. Only four fell into it, for the rest were walking slowly; there are three dead for sure and probably a fourth who, if not dead, is wounded. We withdrew without taking their arms and equipment, because it was very difficult, and we took off down the creek. A new ambush was set past the fork of another ravine; the horses advanced as far as the road. My asthma was hard on me and those miserable sedatives are almost used up.
h = 800 ms.

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[28]

COCO, TOGETHER WITH PACHO, Raul, and Aniceto were sent to stand guard at the outlet of the river which we believe to be the Suspiro. We walked for a while, opening a trail through a rather closed-in canyon. We camped apart from the vanguard, because Miguel had advanced too fast for the horses, which sank into the sand or suffered because of the stones.
h = 760 ms.

[29]

WE CONTINUED WALKING through a canyon which goes to the south and has good hiding places at the side and is in a zone with plenty of water. At approximately 16 hours, we met Pablito, who told us that we were at the outlet of the Suspiro, but there was nothing new. I thought for a while that the canyon was not that of the Suspiro, because it runs due south, but on its last turn it runs to the west and flows into the Rosita.

At approximately 16:30 the rearguard arrived and I decided to continue traveling to move away from the outlet. But I didn't allow myself to insist that the men make the necessary effort to reach beyond Paulino's *chaco*. We made camp on the border of the road, a one-hour march from the outlet of the Suspiro. At night I asked Chino to refer to the independence of his country, the 28th of July, and then explained why this camp was badly located, and gave the order to rise at 5 to take Paulino's *chaco*.

Radio Habaña gave the news of an ambush where some numbers of the army fell and were rescued by helicopters, but this report was not heard well.

[30]

MY ASTHMA BOTHERED ME a lot and I was kept awake all night. At 4:30, when Moro was making coffee, he said he could see a beam of light coming across the river. Therefore, he and Miguel, who was also awake for the change of watch, went to arrest whoever was coming. I heard the following dialogue from the kitchen:

"Listen, who goes there?"

"Destacamento Trinidad."

Right then the shooting began and a moment later Miguel brought back an M-1 and a cartridge belt of one of the wounded together with the news that there were 21 men on the way to Abapo and another 150 in Moroco. Other losses were inflicted on them, but they could not be well-defined because of the prevailing confusion. It took a long time to load the horses, and the black one was lost along with an ax and a mortar which had been taken away from the enemy. It was already near 6 and still more time was lost when part of the load fell off. The final result was that the last crossing was made under fire from the little soldiers who had become bold. Paulino's sister was in her *chaco* and she received us calmly, informing us that all the men in Moroco had been arrested and were in La Paz.

I hurried up the men and we left with Pombo, again under fire, for resistance could be organized at the river canyon where the road ends. I sent Miguel, together with Coco and Julio to take a forward position while I spurred on the cavalry. To protect the withdrawal, seven men were left from the vanguard, four from the rearguard and Ricardo, who fell behind to reinforce the defense. Benigno with Dario, Pablo and Camba were on the right side; the rest, in the first acceptable position, when Camba arrived rest were coming on the left. I had just given the order to with the news that Ricardo and Aniceto had fallen crossing the river; I sent Urbano with Ñato and Leon with two horses and sent for Miguel and Julio, leaving Coco as forward watch. They got through without receiving instructions from me.

In a while Camba again came with the news that they had surprised them, together with Miguel and Julio, and that the soldiers had advanced a great deal, and that the former had moved back and waited for instructions. I sent Camba to him again plus Eustaquio and only Inti, Pombo, Chino and I remained. At 13 hours I sent for Miguel, leaving Julio as forward watch, and I withdrew with the group of men and the horses. When I was reaching the height of Coco's post they reached us with the news that all the survivors had appeared; Raul was dead and Ricardo and Pacho wounded.

Things happened this way: Ricardo and Aniceto crossed imprudently through open space, the former being wounded. Antonio organized a firing line and Arturo, Aniceto and Pacho rescued him, but Pacho was wounded and they killed Raul with a shot in the mouth. The withdrawal was made with great difficulty, dragging the two wounded, with little help on the part of Willie and Chapaco, especially the latter. Then Urbano joined them and his group with the horses and Benigno with his men, leaving the other wing through which they advanced ungarrisoned, surprising Miguel. After a strenuous march through the woods, they came out on the river and joined us.

Pacho was coming on horseback, but Ricardo could not ride, and they had to carry him in a hammock. I sent Miguel, with Pablito, Dario, Coco and Aniceto to take the outlet of the first creek, on the right edge, while we cured the wounded. Pacho has a superficial wound that pierces the buttocks and the skin of the testicles, but Ricardo was very seriously wounded, and the last plasma was lost along with Willie's knapsack. At 22:00 Ricardo died, and we buried him near the river in a well-hidden place so the soldiers cannot locate him.

[31]

AT 4, WE LEFT by the river and, after taking a short cut, we moved down-river without leaving any traces. We reached the creek by morning where Miguel was ambushed. He had not understood the order and had left tracks. We walked up-river some four kilometers and entered the woods, erasing our footprints, and camped near a tributary of the creek.

At night I explained the mistakes of the action: 1) The camp was badly located; 2) the wrong use of time which allowed them to shoot at us; 3) excess confidence which caused the wounding of Ricardo and then Raul while rescuing him; 4) lack of determination to save all the impedimenta: 11 knapsacks were lost with medication, binoculars, some confliction equipment like the tape recorder where messages from Manila are copied, Debray's book

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with my own notes and a book of Trotsky, not to mention the political fortune which the capture means for the government and the confidence it instills in the soldiers.

We calculated two dead and up to five wounded among them, but there are two contradictory news items: one, of the army, acknowledging four dead and four wounded on the 28th, and another from Chile which talks about six wounded and three dead on the 30th. The army gave another dispatch later wherein it announced that a corpse had been taken and that a second lieutenant was out of danger. Of our dead, it is difficult to catalog Raul due to his introspection: he was not much of a fighter or worker, but it was observed that he was constantly interested in political problems, even though he did not ask many questions. Ricardo was the most undisciplined of the Cuban group and the one with the least determination to face everyday sacrifice, but he was an extraordinary fighter and an old comrade in adventures from the first failure of Segundo, in the Congo and now here. It is another regrettable loss due to his quality. We are 22; two wounded, Pacho, Pombo, and I with my asthma at full steam.

MONTHLY ANALAYSIS: *The negative points, the same as the previous months, continue to be: i.e., the impossibility of making contact with Joaquin or the outside and the loss of men; now there are 22 of us, three being crippled, including myself, and this decreases our mobility. We have had three encounters, including the taking of Sumaipata, causing the army seven dead and ten wounded, which are approximate figures according to confused dispatches.*

We lost two men and one was wounded.

The most important characteristics are:

1) The total lack of contact continues.

2) The lack of incorporation of the peasants continues to be felt, although there are some encouraging signs in the reception given to us by old peasant acquaintances.

3) The legend of the guerrilla is acquiring continental dimensions; Ongania closes the border and Peru takes precautions.

4) Failure in the attempt to make contacts through Paulino.

5) The morale and the fighting experience of the guerrilla increase with each combat; Camba and Chapaco remain weak.

6) The army keeps on without making head or tail of the situation, but there are units which seem to be more combative.

7) The political crisis in the government increases, but the U.S.A. is giving small credits which are a great help on the Bolivian level and contribute to ease the discontent.

The most urgent tasks are: to reestablish the contacts, incorporate fighters and obtain medicine.

AGOSTO, 1967

[1]

A QUIET DAY, Miguel and Camba started the trail but only advanced a little over one kilometer due to the difficulties of the terrain and the vegetation. We killed a sly colt which should give us meat for five to six days. The small trenches to set an ambush were built in case the army should come around. If they should come tomorrow or the day after, the idea is to let them go by; if they don't discover the camp, to shoot them later on.
h = 650 ms.

[2]

THE TRAIL SEEMS TO HAVE ADVANCED well thanks to Benigno and Pablo who have followed it. It took them almost two hours to come back and reach the camp from the end of the road. They haven't given any news about us on the radio, since they announced the transfer of the corpse of an "anti-social one." My asthma struck me very hard and I have already used up the last anti-asthmatic injection; there is nothing left but tablets for about ten days.

[3]

THE ROAD TURNED OUT to be a fiasco; Miguel and Urbano took 57 minutes to return today; they advanced very slowly. There is no news. Pacho is recovering very well, but I, on the contrary, am ill. The day and the night were hard on me and a quick recovery is nowhere in sight. I tried the intravenous injection of novocaine to no avail.

[4]

THE MEN CAME TO A CANYON which takes a course due southwest and may flow into the creeks which go into the Rio Grande. Tomorrow two pairs will cut the underbrush and Miguel will climb our canyon to explore what seems to be old *chacos*. My asthma has improved some .

[5]

BENIGNO, CAMBA, URBANO AND LEON divided themselves into pairs to make better progress, but they came to a creek that flows into the Rosita and so today continued cross-country. Miguel went to explore the *chaco* but did not find it. We finished the horsemeat; tomorrow we shall try fishing, and the day after tomorrow we shall slaughter another animal. Tomorrow we will go as far as the new watering place. My asthma was implacable. Despite my reluctance for separation, I will have to send a group in advance. Benigno and Julio offered to be volunteers. Ñato's position needs to be examined.

[6]

THE TRANSFER OF THE CAMP was made; unfortunately there were not three hours on the road but one; which shows that we still have far to go. Benigno, Urbano, Camba and Leon continued breaking through, while Miguel and Aniceto went out to explore the new creek as far as its junction with the Rosita. By night they had not returned, and therefore precautions were taken, more so because I had heard something like a faraway mortar shot. Inti, Chapaco and I said

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a few words referring to today. Bolivian Independence Day. h = 720 ms.

[7]

AT 11 IN THE MORNING I had given up Miguel and Aniceto for lost, having ordered Benigno to advance cautiously as far as the outlet into the Rosita and study the direction they took, if they had gone that far. However at 13 the missing ones appeared. They had simply met with difficulties on the way, and night overtook them before reaching the Rosita. It was a bitter pill that Miguel made me swallow. We remained in the same place, but the trailbreakers found another creek, and tomorrow we shall move to it. Today our old horse Anselmo died. Now the only one we have left is our horse of burden. My asthma continues the same, and I am running out of medicine. Tomorrow I shall make a decision to send a group to the Ñacahuasu. Today marks exactly nine months since our arrival and the constitution of the guerrilla. Out of the first six, two are dead, one has disappeared and two are wounded; I have asthma which I do not know how to stop.

[8]

WE WALKED EFFECTIVELY something like an hour, which seemed more like two to me due to the weariness of the little mare. In a moment of temper, I struck her in the neck with a whip, wounding her badly. The new camp must be the last one with water until the arrival at the Rosita or the Rio Grande; the *macheteros* are 40 minutes from here (two to three kilometers). A group of eight men were assigned to fulfill the following mission: they are to leave here tomorrow to walk all day long; the next day Camba should return with the news about whatever has happened; on the day after. Pablito and Dario should return with the news of that day. The remaining five will keep on until they reach Vargas' house and from there Coco and Aniceto should return with the news about how things are. Benigno, Julio and Ñato will go as far as the Ñacahuasu to look for my medicine. They should move with great care to avoid ambushes; we shall follow them and the points of meeting will be: the house of Vargas or further up, according to our speed, and the creek that is facing the cave in the Rio Grande, the Masicuri (Honorato) or the Ñacahuasu. The army announced that they have discovered a deposit of arms in one of our camps.

At night I brought everybody together and gave them the following lecture: we are in a difficult situation; Pacho has gotten better today but I am just a human carcass, and the episode of the little mare proves that at some moments I have lost control; that will be modified, but the situation must weigh squarely on everybody and whoever does not feel capable of sustaining it should say so.

It is one of those moments when great decisions must be taken; this type of struggle gives us the opportunity not only to turn ourselves into revolutionaries, the highest level of the human species, but it also allows us to graduate as men; those who cannot reach either one of these two stages should say so and leave the struggle.

All of the Cubans and some of the Bolivians expressed their desire to continue to the end; Eustaquio did the same but also criticized Muganga because he carried his knapsack on the mule instead of wood for fuel which provoked an angry reply from the latter; Julio chastized Moro and Pacho because of similar things, and there was a new angry answer, this time from Pacho. I finished the discussion by saying that there were two things being debated here of very different categories: one was whether the will to continue exists or not; the other deals with little grudges or internal problems of the guerrilla which wrests greatness from such a major decision. I did not like the questions raised by Eustaquio and Julio, but neither did I like the answers of Moro and Pacho. The essence is to be more revolutionary and set the example.

[9]

THE EIGHT EXPLORERS LEFT in the morning. The *macheteros,* Miguel, Urbano and Leon continued some 50 minutes more away from the camp. They opened an anthrax in my heel, which permits me to set my foot on the ground, but it is still very painful and feverish. Pacho is very well.

[10]

ANTONIO AND CHAPACO went out to hunt and caught an *urina* or *guaso* and a turkey; they explored the first camp where there was nothing new but brought a load of oranges. I ate two and immediately I had a slight asthmatic reaction. At 13:30 Camba arrived, one of the eight, with the following news: yesterday they slept without water and they continued until 9 today, still without finding any. Benigno had already explored the place and he was continuing towards the Rosita to obtain water. Pablo and Dario are to return only in case they reach the water.

There was a long speech by Fidel in which he assails the traditional parties, and, above all, the Venezuelan; it seems that the quarrel behind the scenes was great.

They again cured my foot. I'm improving, but I am not well. Notwithstanding that, tomorrow we must depart to bring our base closer to the *macheteros* who advanced only 35 minutes today.

[11]

THE MACHETEROS ADVANCED VERY SLOWLY. At 16 hours Pablo and Dario arrived with a note from Benigno in which he announced that he is near the Rosita, and he figures that it is three days more to Vargas' house. At 8:15 Pablito left the watering place where they spent the night and at approximately 15 he met Miguel, so they still have a long way to go before reaching the place. It seems that the turkey did not agree with me, for I had a slight asthmatic reaction, and so I made a present of it to Pacho. We changed camps in order to locate ourselves in a new creek that disappears at noon and reappears at midnight. It rained but it is not cold. There are many *marigüi.*
h = 740 ms.

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[12]

A GRAY DAY. The *macheteros* advanced a little. Here, there was nothing new and neither was there much food; tomorrow we shall kill another horse which should last six days. My asthma is not so bad. Barrientos announced the decline of the guerrillas and again threatened with an intervention in Cuba; he was as stupid as he always is.

The radio announced a combat near Monteagudo, resulting in one dead on our part: Antonio Fernandez, of Tarata. It sounds like the real name of Pedro, who is from Tarata.

[13]

MIGUEL, URBANA, LEON AND CAMBA left in order to camp at the watering place discovered by Benigno and to advance from there. They took with them chunks of Pacho's horse slaughtered today, enough to last them about three days. Four animals are left and everything seems to indicate that it will be necessary to kill another one before suppertime. If all goes well, Coco and Aniceto should arrive here tomorrow. Arturo hunted two turkeys which were given to me because there is hardly any corn left.

Chapaco keeps showing more signs of becoming unbalanced. Pacho improves at a good rate, but my asthma has become worse since yesterday; now I take three tablets a day. My foot is almost well.

[14]

A BLACK DAY. It was gray as to the activities and there was nothing new, but at night the radio announcer gave reports about the taking of the cave which our messengers were to go to, with details so precise that it is not possible to doubt it. Now I am doomed to suffer asthma for an indefinite time. They also took all types of documents and photographs of every type. It is the hardest blow they have ever given us; somebody talked. Who? That is what we don't know.

[15]

EARLY IN THE MORNING, I sent Pablito with a message to Miguel that he should take two men to fetch Benigno, provided Coco and Aniceto had not arrived, but he met them on the road and so the three came back. Miguel sent word that he would stay where the night overtook him and asked for some water. Dario was sent with the warning that early tomorrow we should by all means leave, but he came across Leon coming to tell us that the road was completed.

A radio broadcasting station in Santa Cruz mentioned that two men from the Muyupampa group were taken prisoners by the army. Now no doubt remains that this is Joaquin's group. They must be very harassed and, on top of that, those two prisoners talked. It was cold but I did not have a bad night; another abscess in the same foot must be cut open. Pacho already has been declared cured.

Another clash in Chuyuyako was announced, without any losses on the army's side.

[16]

WE WALKED ON A RELATIVELY GOOD ROAD for 3.40 hours and then rested for another hour. My mule neatly threw me off my saddle after being hurt by a stick, but nothing happened to me. My foot is getting better. Miguel, Urbano and Camba continued using the machetes and reached the Rosita. Today was the day on which Benigno and his comrades should have reached the cave and the airplanes flew over the zone several times. It could be due to some evidence they had left near Vargas or to a troop coming down the Rosita or advancing along the Rio Grande. At night I warned the people about the danger of the crossing and we took the necessary precautions for tomorrow.
h = 600 ms.

[17]

WE LEFT EARLY REACHING the Rosita at 9. There Coco thought he heard a couple of shots and an ambush was set, but nothing happened. The rest of the way was slow because of being continuously lost due to misinterpretations, and on reaching the Rio Grande at 16:30 we camped there. I thought we should take advantage of the moon, but the men were very tired. We have enough rationed horsemeat for two days and I have *mote* for one. We will have to do some slaughtering, the way it looks. The radio announced that it would present documents and proof of the four caves of the Ñacahuasu, which indicates that the monkey cave was also found. My asthma is treating me rather well, considering the circumstances.
h = 640 ms. (illogical, if it is taken into account that yesterday it was 600).

[18]

WE LEFT EARLIER than usual, but we had to ford the creek four times, one of them being rather deep, and also had to open trails in some places. Because of all this we arrived at the creek at 14 hours and the men were dead tired. There was no more activity. There are clouds of *nibarigüisis* in the zone and the nights are still cold. Inti told me that Camba wants to leave; according to him, his physical condition does not permit him to keep on, and besides he does not see any future in it. Naturally, it is a typical case of cowardice and it would be healthier to let him go, but since he already knows our future route to try to join Joaquin, he cannot leave. Tomorrow I will talk with him and Chapaco.
h = 680 ms.

[19]

MIGUEL, COCO, INTI AND ANICETO went out to explore to try to find a better road to Vargas' house where we think there is a detachment, but there was nothing new, and it looks like we must follow the old trail. Arturo and Chapaco went out hunting and got an *urina* and Arturo, while standing watch with Urbano, shot an elk and this created tension in camp because seven shots were fired. The animal

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will provide meat for four days, and the *urina* for another, and there is a reserve of beans and sardines; in all, food for six days. It looks like the white horse that is the next on the list, has an opportunity to be saved. I talked with Camba, telling him that he could not leave until after we take our next step which is the meeting with Joaquin. Chapaco said that he would not leave because that is cowardice, but that he wants some hope of being able to leave after six months or one year, and so I gave it to him. He talked about a series of unconnected things. He is not well.

The news is all about Debray. There is nothing said about the others. No news from Benigno; he could be here already.

[20]

THE MACHETEROS, MIGUEL AND URBANO, and my "public works department," Willy and Dario, advanced only a little and because of this we resolved to stay right here another day. Coco and Inti had no luck, but Chapaco hunted a monkey and an *urina*. I ate *urina* and at midnight I had a strong attack of asthma. El Medico continues to be sick, apparently with lumbago, and his condition has turned him into an invalid. There is no news from Benigno, and as of now there is reason to be worried.

The radio announces the presence of guerrillas 85 kilometers from Sucre.

[21]

ANOTHER DAY IN THE SAME PLACE and another day without news from Benigno and his comrades. Five monkeys were shot by Eustaquio and one by Moro. The latter's lumbago is still bad, and he was injected with meperidina. My asthma doesn't get along with the *urina*.

[22]

FINALLY WE MOVED, but before that there was an alarm because a man was seen who apparently was fleeing along the beach; it turned out to be Urbano, lost. I gave local anesthesia to El Medico, and with this he could travel on the mare, although he arrived in pain. He seems a little better. Pacho made the trip on foot. We made camp on the right hand side, and only a little more clearing has to be done to prepare the way to Vargas' house. There is elk meat left for tomorrow and the day after, but from tomorrow on hunting won't be possible. There is no news from Benigno; it's been ten days since they separated from Coco.
h = 580 ms.

[23]

THE DAY WAS VERY LABORIOUS, for a very bad cliff had to be skirted; the white horse refused to go ahead and they left him sunk in the mud without even taking advantage of his bones. We came to a hunting cabin with signs of having been inhabited recently; we set an ambush and in a little while two fell. Their alibi was that they had set ten traps and that they had gone out to examine them. According to them, there are troops in Vargas' house, in Tatarenda, Caraguatarenda, Ipita and Yamon. A couple of days ago there was a clash in Caraguatarenda and one soldier was wounded. This could be Benigno driven by hunger or the encirclement. The men announced that the army would come to fish tomorrow, and that they would come in groups of 15-20 men. Elk and a few fish caught with a bag were distributed; I ate rice, which agreed with me very well; El Medico is a little better. The postponement of the trial of Debray was announced for September.
h = 580 ms.

[24]

THE REVEILLE today was at 5:30 and we went toward the ravine we expected to follow. The vanguard started the march, and we had walked a few meters when three peasants appeared on the other side. Miguel was called with his men and everybody was ambushed. Then eight soldiers appeared. The instructions were to let them cross the river by way of the ford which is in front and shoot at them when they were approaching, but the soldiers didn't cross; they just made a few turns and passed in front of our rifles, and we didn't shoot at them. The civilians taken prisoners claimed to be hunters. Miguel and Urbano, along with Camba and Dario and Hugo Guzmán, the hunter, were sent to follow a trail that runs a course due west, but we don't know where it leads. We remained ambushed all day. At dusk the *macheteros* came back with the traps, having caught a condor and a putrid cat. Everything was eaten including the piece of elk, all we have left is beans and whatever else may be hunted.

Camba is reaching the limit of moral degradation; he already trembles at the very thought of the soldiers. El Medico continues to be in pain and taking talamonal; I am quite well but ravenously hungry. The army gave a dispatch saying that they had taken another cave and that there are two slightly wounded on their part "guerrilla casualties." Radio Habaña gave news of an unconfirmed combat in Taperias with one wounded on the army's side.

[25]

THE DAY PASSED without anything new. Reveille was at 5 and the *macheteros* went out early. Seven soldiers came within a few steps of our position but they did not attempt to cross. They seem to be calling the hunters with their shots; tomorrow we shall attack them, should the occasion arise. We did not continue the trail. Miguel ordered making contact with Urbano who transmitted it incorrectly and at a time when nothing could be done.

The radio announced a combat at Monte Dorado, which seems to be under the jurisdiction of Joaquin, and the presence of guerrillas within three kilometers from Camiri.

[26]

EVERYTHING WENT WRONG; the seven came but they divided up, five going down river and two crossed. Antonio, who was responsible for the ambush, shot ahead of time and missed, permitting the two men to flee and call for reinforcements. The other five withdrew on the run. Inti

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and Coco ran after them but they went behind parapets and fired back at them. Observing the hunting I saw how the bullets strafed around them, due to shots from our side. I ran out and found that Eustaquio was shooting at them, because Antonio had not wanted him. I was so furious that I lost control of myself and ill-treated Antonio.

We left slowly because of El Medico, while the army, recovered, was advancing along the island in front of us in numbers of 20-30. It was not worth our while facing them. They may have two wounded, at most. Coco and Inti distinguished themselves by their decision. Everything went well until El Medico was exhausted and began to delay the march. At 18:30 we stopped without having reached Miguel, who was, nevertheless, a few meters away and made contact with us. Moro remained in a ravine without being able to climb the last stretch and we slept divided into three groups. There are no signs of pursuit.
h = 900 ms.

[27]

THE DAY WAS SPENT in a desperate search for a way out, which has not been found yet; we were near the Rio Grande and we had already passed Yumon, but there were no new fords according to the reports, so the only thing to do was to skirt Miguel's cliff. But this was impossible on account of the mules. There is a possibility of crossing a small range of mountains and then continuing towards Rio Grande-Masicuri, but not till tomorrow shall we know if it is feasible. We have crossed over heights as high as 1300, approximately the highest of the zone, and we slept at 1240 meters in the cold. I am quite well, but El Medico is rather ill, and the water has been used up, only a little remains for him.

The good news or the best event, was the appearance of Benigno, Ñato and Julio. Their odyssey was great because there were soldiers in Vargas and Yumon and they almost clashed with them. Then they followed some troops that went down the Saladillo and came up the Ñacahuasu, and they found that the Congri creek has three ascents made by the soldiers. The Oso cave, where they arrived at 18 hours, is an anti-guerrilla camp which quarters about 150 soldiers. They were almost taken by surprise there but succeeded in returning without being seen. They were in grandfather's *chaco,* where they obtained *jocos,* the only thing that there was, for everything has been abandoned. They went by the soldiers again, hearing our shooting and stayed to sleep nearby in order to follow our tracks until they reached us. According to Benigno, Ñato behaved very well, but Julio got lost twice and he was a little afraid of the soldiers. Benigno is of the opinion that some of Joaquin's people were around there a few days ago.

[28]

A GRAY DAY and full of anguish. We quenched our thirst with cakes of *caracari,* which just fool the throat. Miguel sent Pablito alone with one of the hunters to look for water, and to make it worse, had only a small revolver. At 16:30 he had not arrived and I sent Coco and Aniceto to look for him; they did not return the whole night. The rear-guard remained at the resting place so the radio could not be heard; there seems to be a new message. At last we slaughtered the little mare, after having accompanied us for two painful months; I did everything possible to save her, but hunger was growing more intense, and, at least, now we only suffer from thirst. It looks like we shall not reach water tomorrow either.

The radio gave the information of a wounded soldier in the Tatarenda zone. What I would like to know is: Why, if they are so scrupulous in announcing their losses, would they lie in the rest of their dispatches? And, if they do not lie, who are the ones causing them losses in such far off places as Caraguatarenda and Taperillas? This could only be so if Joaquin's group has been divided into two parts or if new independent groups exist.
h = 1,200 ms.

[29]

AN UNPLEASANT DAY and quite full of anguish. The *macheteros* advanced very little and on one occasion took the wrong route believing they were going toward the Masicuri. We pitched camp at 1600 meters in a relatively humid place which has some small cane, the pulp of which quenches the thirst. Some of the comrades, Chapaco, Eustaquio and Chino, are falling to pieces from the lack of water. Tomorrow it will be necessary to go straight towards the place where the water is. The muleteers endure quite well.

By radio there was no big news; the most important thing being the trial of Debray which keeps being postponed from one week to the next.

[30]

THE SITUATION WAS BECOMING anguished; the *macheteros* were suffering fainting spells. Miguel and Dario were drinking their own urine and Chino was doing likewise, with the ominous results of diarrhea and cramps. Urbano, Benigno and Julio went down a canyon and found water. They sent word to me that the mules could not come down and I decided to stay with Ñato, but Inti came up again with water and the three of us stayed there eating mare meat. The radio remained below so that there was no news.
h = 1,200 ms.

[31]

IN THE MORNING, Aniceto and Leon went out to explore down below, returning at 16 hours with the news that from there on there was passage for the mules from the camp to the watering place. I studied this and found that the worst part came first and the animals did have the possibility of passing, so I ordered Miguel to make a short cut for us on the last cliff tomorrow and to continue on the path ahead, and said that we would bring the mules down. There is a message from Manila but it could not be copied.

SUMMARY OF THE MONTH: *It was, without any doubt, the worst month we have had since the war started. The loss of all the caves containing the documents and medicine is*

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a hard blow, above all psychologically. The loss of two men at the end of the month and the subsequent march on horsemeat demoralized the men and provoked the first case of giving up, Camba, which would be advantageous under different circumstances, but not under these. The lack of contact with the outside, with Joaquin and the fact that prisoners taken from him have talked, also demoralized the troop a little. My illness caused uncertainty in several others and all this was reflected in our only encounter, in which we should have caused several enemy losses but only wounded one. On the other hand, the difficult march through the mountains without water brought out some negative aspects of the men.

The most important characteristics:

1) We continue without contacts of any kind and without reasonable hope of establishing them in the near future.

2) We continue without any incorporation on the part of the peasants, logical to understand if we take into account the little contact we have had with them in recent times.

3) There is a lowering of the fighting morale; I expect that it be momentary.

4) The army does not increase its effectiveness nor its combativeness.

Our morale and revolutionary legend have reached a new low. The most urgent tasks continue to be the same as those of last month, i.e., to restablish in the contacts; to incorporate fighters, to supply ourselves with medicine and equipment.

It should be taken into accoun that Inti and Coco excel ever more firmly as revolutionary and military cadres.

SEPTIEMBRE, 1967

[1]

EARLY IN THE MORNING we brought down the mules, after some incidents which included a spectacular fall into the gorge by one of them. El Medico has not recovered, but I have, and walk perfectly well leading the mule. The trail was longer than expected and not till 18:15 did we realize that we were at the creek at Honorato's house. Miguel continued at full speed but had only reached the main road by the time it was completely dark. Benigno and Urbano advanced cautiously and did not notice anything abnormal; they occupied the empty house noticing that it had been enlarged with several barracks for the army, which had abandoned it for the present. We found corn meal, lard, salt. We killed two goats and had a banquet together with the corn meal, although the cooking made us spend all night on guard. In the early morning we withdrew, leaving a sentry at the little house and at the entrance to the road.

h=740

[2]

EARLY IN THE MORNING we withdrew as far as the *chacos,* leaving an ambush set in the house made up of Coco, Pablo and Benigno with Miguel in charge. On the other side a sentry remained. At 8 Coco came to warn us that a muleteer had stopped to look for Honorato; there were four and he was ordered to let the other three pass. All this took time because it was an hour from our point to the house. At 13:30 several shots were heard, and later it was learned that a peasant was coming with a soldier and a horse; Chino, who was on sentry duty together with Pombo and Eustaquio, shouted: "a soldier" and cocked his rifle; the soldier shot at him and ran away and then Pombo shot, killing the horse. My reaction was spectacular, as this was the limit of incompetence. Poor Chino was overwhelmed.

We freed the four, who had passed in the meantime, plus our two prisoners, sending everybody up the Masicuri. A yearling was bought from the muleteers for $700 and Hugo was given $100 for his work and $50 for some things that were taken from him. The horse that was killed turned out to be one that had been left in Honorato's house because it was crippled. The muleteers said that Honorato's wife had complained about the army because they had beaten her husband and eaten everything they had. When the muleteers went by, eight days ago, Honorato was in Valle Grande recovering from a tiger bite. Anyway, there had been somebody in the house, as a fire had been found burning when we arrived.

Due to Chino's mistake I decided to leave at night by the same route as the muleteers and to try to reach the first house, assuming there were few soldiers there and that they continued to withdraw. We left very late and crossed the ford at 3:45 hours without finding the house and later sleeping on a cow trail waiting for daybreak.

We heard disagreeable news on the radio about the liquidation of a group of ten men led by a Cuban called Joaquin in the zone of Camiri; however, the news was broadcast by the Voice of America and the local stations have said nothing.

[3]

SINCE TODAY IS SUNDAY, there was a clash. At dawn, we looked down the Masicuri to its outlet and then we went a short distance up the Rio Grande; at 13 hours Inti, Coco, Benigno, Pablito, Julio and Leon went out to try to reach the house and, if the army was not there, to buy the merchandise which makes life more pleasant. First the group captured two farm hands, who said that neither the owner nor the soldiers were there and that plenty of food could be obtained. Other information was that yesterday five soldiers went galloping by without stopping at the house. A couple of days ago, Honorato went to his house with two of his sons. On reaching the house of the landowner, they found that 40 soldiers had just arrived, resulting in a confusing encounter in which our men killed at least one soldier, the one who had brought along a dog. The soldiers reacted by surrounding them, but later withdrew because of the shouting; not even one grain of rice could be taken. The airplane flew over the zone and shot some small rockets, apparently over the Ñacahuasu. Other information from the peasants was that around this zone they had not seen guerrillas, and the first information that they had received was from the muleteers who had passed by yesterday.

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Once more the Voice of the United States gave information about a combat with the Army and this time it mentioned Jose Carrillo as the only survivor of a group of ten men. Since this Carrillo is Paco, one of the drifters, and the liquidation occurred at Masicuri, everything seems to indicate that it is a phony story.
h=650

[4]

A GROUP OF EIGHT MEN under the command of Miguel were ambushed on the road from Masicuri to Honorato until 13 hours without anything happening. Meanwhile, Ñato and Leon were struggling to bring a cow, but later two magnificent tamed oxen were obtained. Urbano and Camba walked about ten kilometers up-river; they had to cross four fords, one of which is somewhat deep. The yearling was killed and volunteers were solicited to make an incursion to look for food and information: Inti, Coco, Julio, Aniceto, Chapaco and Arturo were selected, under the command of Inti. Pacho, Pombo, Antonio and Eustaquio also offered to go. The instructions to Inti were to reach the house in the early morning, observe the movements and obtain all the supplies if there were no soldiers. If there were soldiers, they should surround it and move forward, and try to capture one, remembering that the fundamental thing was not to suffer losses and that the greatest of caution was to be recommended.

The radio gives the news of one dead in Vado del Yeso in a new clash, near where the group of ten was liquidated, which makes it seem that the information on Joaquin is a farce. On the other hand, they gave all the evidence that Negro, the Peruvian doctor, had died in Palmarito and had been transferred to Camiri. His identification was made by Pelao. It looks like this is indeed a real death; the others may be fictitious or members of the drifters. Anyway, the tone of the dispatches, which now are transferred to Masicuri and Camiri, is strange.

[5]

THE DAY PASSED WITHOUT ANYTHING NEW, but waiting for the results. At 4:30 the group returned, bringing a mule and some merchandise. In the house of Moron, the planter, there were soldiers who were on the brink of discovering the group by using dogs. By the looks of it, they move by night. They surrounded the house and were cutting through the woods as far as Montaño's house, where there was nobody, but there was some corn of which 100 pounds was brought. At approximately 12 they crossed the river and came upon the two houses on the other side. Everybody escaped from one house and the mule was requisitioned there; in the other there was very little collaboration and it was necessary to resort to threats. The information they gave was that until now they had not seen any guerrillas except for the group that went to Perez' house before the carnival (us). They returned by day and waited until the night to by-pass Moron's house. Everything was going perfectly, until Arturo got lost and went to sleep on the trail, therefore losing two hours looking for him. They have left some footprints that could be tracked down, if the cattle do not wipe them out, along with a few things fallen by the roadside. The spirit of the men changed at once. The radio reports that the dead guerrillas could not be identified but that there would be news at any moment. A message received was entirely deciphered. It said that OLAS was a triumph but that the Bolivian delegation was a pile of shit; Aldo Flores of the B.C.P. pretended to be the representative of the E.L.N., but he was proven to be a liar. They have asked that one of Kolle's men go for discussion. Lozano's house was raided and he is underground; he thinks that they could exchange Debray. That is all. Evidently, they did not receive our last message.

[6]

BENIGNO

Benigno's birthday looked promising; in the early morning we made corn meal with what was brought and drank some *mate* with sugar. Then Miguel, commanding eight men went into ambush while Leon caught one more yearling to take along. Since it was rather late, a little past 10 and they had not returned, I sent Urbano to warn them that at 12 they should suspend the ambush. A few minutes later a shot was heard, then a short burst of gunfire and one shot was heard in our direction. When we were taking positions, Urbano came running; he had clashed with a patrol which was bringing dogs. With nine men on the other side, and not knowing their exact location, I was desperate: the path was improved without reaching the border of the river and in this way it was possible to send Moro, Pombo and Camba with Coco.

I intended to transfer the knapsacks and to keep contact with the rearguard, if they allowed me, until they were reincorporated in the group, which, on the other hand, faced the possibility of falling into ambush. However, cutting through the woods Miguel returned with all his men. What happened was this: Miguel advanced without leaving any sentry on our path and dedicated himself to look for cattle. Leon heard the barking of a dog and Miguel decided to go back just in case; at that moment they heard the shots and noticed that a patrol had passed by a trail between them and the woods, and that they already were ahead of them; then they cut through the woods. We withdrew with ease, with the three mules and the three heads of cattle and crossed four fords, two of them of strong current, then made camp about seven kilometers from the former. We slaughtered a cow, eating sumptuously. The rearguard reported that prolonged shooting was heard in the direction of the camp, with heavy machine gun fire.
h=640

[7]

SHORT TRAIL. Only one ford was crossed and then we encountered difficulties due to the cliffs, so Miguel decided to make camp and wait for us. Tomorrow we will make better explorations. The situation is the following: the aviation is not looking for us around here, despite having reached the camp, and the radio reported that I am the chief of the group. The question is: Are they afraid? It is

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not very probable. Do they consider the ascent impossible? With the experience of what we have done and what they know, I don't think so. Do they want to let us advance and wait for us at some strategic point? It is possible. Do they believe that we will insist on the zone of Masicuri to obtain our supplies? This is also possible. El Medico is much better, but I had a relapse and I could not sleep all night long.

The radio gives the news about the valuable information given by Jose Carrillo (Paco); it is necessary to punish him as an example. Debray refers to the imputations of Paco against him, saying that he was seen with a rifle because he went hunting at times. Radio Cruz del Sur announces finding the corpse of Tania, the guerrilla fighter, on the shores of the Rio Grande; it is news that does not have the aspects of veracity as does the report about Negro. According to this broadcasting station, her corpse was taken to Santa Cruz, but not according to Altiplano's.
h=720

I talked to Julio; he is very well but he feels the lack of contact and of the lack of incorporation of the people.

[8]

A QUIET DAY. From morning till night ambushes of eight men were set under the command of Antonio and Pombo. The animals ate well in a *chuchial* and the mule is recovering from her blows. Aniceto and Chapaco went to explore up-river and came back with the news that the road was relatively good for the animals; Coco and Camba crossed the river with the water up to their chests and climbed up a hill in front, but without acquiring any new information. I sent Miguel out with Aniceto and the result of a longer exploration is that, according to Miguel, it will be very difficult to get the animals through. Tomorrow we shall insist on this side, since the possibility always exists that the animals could pass unloaded through the water.

The radio gave the information that Barrientos had been present at the burying of the remains of Tania, the guerrilla fighter, who was given a "Christian burial," and then he went to Puerto Mauricio, where Honorato's house is. He made a proposal to the deceived Bolivians who had not been paid the promised salaries, saying that if they go with their hands upon their foreheads to the army posts no measures will be taken against them. A small airplane bombed from Honorato on down so as to make a demonstration for Barrientos.

A Budapest daily criticizes Che Guevara, a pathetic and apparently irresponsible figure. It hails the Marxist attitude of the Chilean Party which assumes practical attitudes in the face of practice. How I would like to take power if only to unmask cowards and lackeys of every kind and rub their noses in their own dirty tricks.

[9]

MIGUEL AND ÑATO went out to explore, coming back with the news that it is possible to pass but that the animals will have to cross swimming; the men have fords. There is a rather large creek on the left shore where we will make the camp. The ambushes were still made up of eight men with Antonio and Pombo in charge. There was nothing new. I talked with Aniceto; he seems to be very firm, although he thinks that there are several Bolivians who are weakening. He complains of the lack of political work on the part of Coco and Inti. We finished the cow, of which only the four legs remain for broth in the morning. The only news on the radio is the suspension of the trial of Debray until the 17th of September, at least.

[10]

A BAD DAY. It began under good signs, but then the animals got balky because the road was so bad. Finally the mule remained because he would not walk, and we had to leave him on the other side. The decision was taken by Coco due to a quick rise of the river, but four weapons, among them those of Moro and three anti-tank shells for Benigno's arm, remained on the other side. I crossed the river swimming with the mule but I lost my shoes and now I have only brogues, a thing that does not make me happy at all. Ñato made a bundle with his clothes and weapons wrapped in an oil cloth, and jumped in when the rising waters were wild, losing everything in the crossing. The other mule got stuck and jumped in to cross by herself, but it was necessary to bring her back because there was no passage, and on attempting a new crossing with Leon, he and the mule were almost drowned for the rushing waters had arrived. Finally all of us reached our goal which was the creek, but El Medico was in very bad shape, complaining later about the neuralgia in his limbs all night. Up to now our plan had been to make the animals swim to the other side, but with the rising waters that plan has to be interrupted, at least until the river has gone down. Besides, airplanes and helicopters have been flying over the zone; I do not like the helicopters at all, for they could be leaving ambushes on the river. Tomorrow explorations will be sent out up-river and up-creek to try to find out our exact position.
h=780 meters. Road=3-4 kilometers.

I almost forgot to emphasize the fact that today, after something like six months, I bathed. It constitutes a record that several are already reaching.

[11]

A QUIET DAY. The explorers went up-river and up-creek; those up-river returned at dusk with the news that very probably it can be crossed when it goes down, and there are beaches on which the animals can walk. Benigno and Julio went to make an exploration of the creek, but it was very superficial and by 12 they had returned. Ñato and Coco, supported by the rearguard, went to look for the things left behind, crossing the mule and leaving only a bundle with the belts for the machine gun bullets.

There was a disagreeable incident in which Chino came to tell me that Ñato had roasted and eaten a whole fillet in front of him; I was mad as hell at Chino for he should have prevented it, and after investigation, the matter became more complicated for it could not be determined whether

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or not Chino had permitted him to do it. Chino asked to be substituted and I again appointed Pombo to the position. Even so, for Chino it was a bitter pill.

The radio gave the news in the morning that Barrientos asserted that I had been dead for a long time and everything was propaganda. At night they spoke of an offering of $50,000 ($4200 U.S.) for data that could facilitate my capture dead or alive. It looks like the armed forces gave him a *sorepate*. Probably they threw leaflets over the area describing me. Requeteran says that Barrientos' offer may be considered psychological since the tenacity of the guerrillas is well-known as is the fact that they are preparing for a prolonged war.

I talked a long time with Pablito. As is everyone, he is worried by the lack of contact, and he considers that our main task is to reestablish it with the city. However, he proved to be firm in his decision of *Patria o Muerte* till the end.

[12]

THE DAY BEGAN WITH A TRAGIC-COMIC episode: just at 6, the hour of reveille, Eustaquio came to announce that people were coming along the creek. He called us to arms and everybody was mobilized. Antonio had seen them, and when I asked him how many there were, he showed his five fingers. At the end, it turned out to be an hallucination, dangerous for the morale of the troop, for right away they began to talk about psychosis. Then I talked with Antonio and, evidently, he is not normal; tears welled up in his eyes but he denied that he was worried and said that only the lack of sleep was affecting him, because he has had extra duty for six days due to the fact that he went to sleep on the post and then denied it. Chapaco disobeyed an order and was also sanctioned to three days' extra duty. At night he asked me to change him to the vanguard for, according to him, he is not congenial with Antonio but I refused to do it. Inti, Leon and Eustaquio left to explore the creek to see if it were possible to cross over to the other side of a great range that can be seen far away. Coco, Aniceto, and Julio went up-river to try to explore the fords and find a way to take the animals in case we go through there.

It appears that Barrientos' offer has provoked some sensation. In any case, a merciful newspaperman was of the opinion that $4200 U.S. was little money considering my being so dangerous. Radio Habaña reported that OLAS had received a message of support from the E.L.N.; my achievements in telepathy.

[13]

THE EXPLORERS RETURNED: Inti and his group spent all day up-creek; they slept at a rather high altitude and it was quite cold. The creek apparently springs from a range that is in front and runs due north; it does not offer passage for the animals. Coco and his comrades tried unsuccessfully to cross the river; they skirted 11 cliffs before reaching the canyon of what must be La Pesca River, where there were signs of life; burned *chacos* and an ox; the animals must cross to the other side, unless all of us can make it on the raft together, which is what we shall try to do.

I have talked to Dario, raising the question of his leaving, if he so desires. First he answered that to leave was very dangerous but I warned him that this is not a refuge and if he decides to stay it is for once and for all. He said yes and that he would correct his defect. We shall see.

The only news on the radio was that Debray's father had been shot at, and that from his son they had abducted all the documents preparatory to his defense, using the pretext that they do not want it to be turned into a political pamphlet.

[14]

A DAY OF FATIGUE. At 7 Miguel went out with the entire vanguard and Ñato. They carried instructions to walk as far as possible on that side and then to build a raft where it became difficult to pass; Antonio remained ambushed with the entire rearguard. A pair of M-1's were left in a little cave that Ñato and Willie know about. At 13:30 nothing having happened, we started the march.

They could not advance on muleback and I, with the beginnings of an attack of asthma, had to leave my animal for Leon and continue on foot. The rearguard received orders to start the march at 15, if there were no counterorder. At approximately that time, Pablito arrived with the news that the ox was in front of the crossing and that the raft was being built one kilometer farther up. I waited for the animals to come and they finally did so at 18:15 after the men were sent to help them. At that time, the two mules crossed (the ox had done so before) and we continued at our tiring pace up to where the raft was, finding that 12 men were still on this side; only ten had crossed. There we spent the night, in separate places, finishing the last ration of half-putrified ox.
h=720. March=two to three kilometers.

[15]

THIS TIME we traveled a little farther: five to six kilometers, but we did not reach the La Pesca River, for we had to cross the animals twice, and one of the mules refused to cross. There is still one more and we must explore to see if the mules can make it.

The radio brings the news of Loyola's arrest. The photos must be to blame. Our only remaining bull died at the hand of the executioner, naturally.
h=780

[16]

THE DAY WAS SPENT BUILDING the raft and crossing the river. We walked some 500 meters up to the camp where there is a little spring. The crossing was carried out uneventfully on a good raft which was pulled with ropes from both shores. Later, when they were left alone, Antonio and Chapaco had another run-in and Antonio gave six days' punishment to Chapaco for insulting him. I respected the decision, although I am not sure it is just. That night there was another incident about an accusation of

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Eustaquio concerning an extra meal that Ñato had eaten. It turned out to be some suet from the hides. Another painful situation had been caused by food. El Medico brought up another little problem to me, about his sickness and the opinion the men have of it, due to some comments made by Julio, the whole of which seems unimportant.
h=820

[17]

PABLITO

Dentist's day. I pulled Arturo and Chapaco's teeth. Miguel made an exploration as far as the river and Benigno explored the trail; they say that the mules can make it, but before that they must swim, crossing and recrossing the river. Some rice was made for Pablito because he is twenty-two years old today and is the youngest of the guerrilla.

The radio brings only the news about the postponing of the trial and a protest about Loyola Guzman's arrest.

[18]

THE MARCH WAS STARTED AT 7, but soon Miguel came with the news that three peasants had been seen around the bend. We did not know if they had seen us so it was ordered to detain them. Chapaco staged the unavoidable scene, by accusing Arturo of having stolen 15 bullets from his magazine. He's sinister, and the only good thing is that, although his run-ins are with the Cubans, none of the Bolivians pay any attention to him. The mules went all the way without swimming, but when crossing a gorge, the black mule escaped from us and got hurt, for she rolled down some 50 meters. Four peasants were taken prisoner when they were going with their little donkeys to Piraypandi, a river located one league away up-stream. They reported that Aladino Gutierrez was hunting and fishing with his people on the shore of the Rio Grande. Benigno committed the grave error of letting himself be seen and allowed him, his wife and another peasant to leave. When I learned of this, my blood boiled and I called this an act of treason, which provoked a crisis of crying on Benigno's part. All the peasants have been warned that tomorrow they will have to leave with us to Zitano, the ranch where they live, six to eight leagues from here. Aladino and his wife are rather slippery and it cost a lot to have them sell us food. Now the radio brings the news that Loyola attempted suicide twice "for fear of reprisals on the part of the guerrillas," and the detention of several teachers who, if they are not involved, at least sympathize with us. It seems that they took many things from Loyola's house and it would not be strange if this all leads from the taking of the photos from the cave.

At dusk a small plane and the mustang flew over the zone suspiciously.
h=800

[19]

WE DID NOT LEAVE VERY EARLY because the peasants could not find their animals. At last, after giving a good lecture, we left with the caravan of prisoners. We walked slowly with Moro and when we arrived at the stopover on the river we got the news that three more prisoners had been taken and that the vanguard had just left and was expected to reach cane plantations two leagues away. They were long leagues, as long as the first two seemed to be. Near 9 at night, we reached the fields which turned out to be only one cane field. The rearguard arrived past 21.

I had a conversation with Inti about some of his weaknesses concerning food, and he answered me very vexed that it was true and that he would make a public self-criticism when we were among ourselves, but he did deny accusations. We passed heights of 1440 meters and now we are at 1000. It takes three hours to go from here to Lucitano, perhaps four, according to the pessimists. At last we ate pork and the ones that liked sweets were able to fill themselves with *chankaka*.

The radio kept repeating the Loyola case and that the teachers are out on full strike. The pupils of the high school where Higueras, one of the arrested, worked, are on a hunger strike, and the oil workers are about to strike because of the establishment of the oil enterprise. A sign of the times, I have run out of ink.

[20]

I DECIDED TO LEAVE AT 15 in order to reach Lucitano's ranch by dusk, because they said it could easily be reached in three hours, but many problems delayed the trip until 17, and complete darkness caught up with us on the hill. Despite the fact that we lit a storm lamp, we didn't reach Aladino Gutierrez' house until 23. It was not much of a *pulperia*. We got some cigarettes and other small items but no clothing. At 3, after drowsing a little, we started for Alto Seco which they claim is four leagues away. We took the mayor's telephone, but found it hasn't worked for years, and besides the line had fallen. The mayor is called Vargas and he's only had this position a short time.

The radio does not say anything of importance; we climbed heights of 1800 meters and Lucitano is at 1400 meters.

About two leagues were walked to get to the ranch.

[21]

AT 3 WE LEFT by the light of a good moon on a trail that we had found out about beforehand, and we walked until almost 9 without coming across anybody, having crossed heights of 2040 meters, the highest reached. At that time we ran into a couple of muleteers who showed us the way to Alto Seco, still two leagues away. Part of the night and part of the morning was used to walk only two leagues. On reaching the first houses on the way down, we bought some food and we went to make a meal at the house of the mayor. Later we went to a corn mill run by hydraulic power on the shore of the Piraymini (1400 meters high). The people are scared and try to avoid us and we have lost much time due to our limited mobility. The two leagues to Alto Seco took us from 12:15 to 5.

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[22]

WHEN WE, THE CENTERGUARD, arrived at Alto Seco, we found that the mayor had apparently gone out yesterday to warn that we were near. As a reprisal, we took everything in his *pulperia*. Alto Seco is a little village of 50 houses, located at an altitude of 1900 meters where we were received with a mixture of fear and curiosity. The provision machinery began to function, and soon we had a respectable amount of supplies in our camp, which was an abandoned house near the watering place. The small truck which should have come from Valle Grande did not arrive, seeming to confirm the version that the mayor went to inform on us. I had to stand the crying of his wife who, in the name of God and his children, asked for payment, a thing I did not consent to. At night Inti gave a short lecture at the local school (1st and 2nd grades) to a group of 15 amazed and silent peasants, explaining to them the scope of our revolution. The teacher was the only one who intervened, asking if we would fight in the towns. He was a mixture of a foxy peasant and a lawyer with boyish candor; he asked a lot of things on socialism. A big boy offered to be our guide, but warned against the teacher whom they say is a fox. We left at 1:30 for Santa Elena which we reached at 10.
h=1300

Barrientos and Ovando gave a press conference where they offered all the data from the documents and considered Joaquin's group liquidated.

[23]

THE PLACE WAS A MOST BEAUTIFUL orange grove which still has much fruit. The day was spent resting and sleeping, but it was necessary to keep close watch. At 1, we arose and left at 2, heading towards Loma Larga, which we reached at dawn. We passed over heights of 1800 meters. The men were heavily laden and the march was slow. I got indigestion from Benigno's cooking.

[24]

WE ARRIVED AT THE RANCH called Loma Larga, I myself with a liver attack and vomiting and the men very exhausted by the long walks which have had few results. I decided to spend the night at the junction on the way to Pujio. A pig was killed, sold by Sostenes Vargas, the only peasant who stayed in his house. The others flee when they see us.
h=1400

[25]

WE ARRIVED EARLY AT PUJIO, but there were people who had seen us below the day before. It must be that we are being announced by word of mouth. Pujio is a little ranch located on a height, and the people who ran away when they first saw us later came closer and treated us well. Early in the morning a carabineer left. He had come from Serrano in Chuquisaca to arrest a debtor. We are at a zone where the three departments converge at a point. Walking with mules is becoming dangerous, but I try to let El Medico continue as much as possible, for he is still weak. The peasants say that they know nothing about the army in this entire zone. We walked over stretches until we reached (TEXT MUTILATED) where we slept by the side of the road, since Miguel did not take the precautions which I had demanded he take. The mayor of Higueras is in the area, and we gave the order to the sentry to arrest him.
h=1800

Inti and I talked with Camba, and he agreed to accompany us to Higuera, a point located near Pucara and to try to leave for Santa Cruz from there.

[26]

DEFEAT. At daybreak we arrived at Picacho, where everybody was celebrating (the highest point we have ever reached, 2280 meters). The peasants treated us very well and we continued without undue concern in spite of the fact that Ovando had asserted that my capture could take place at any moment.

On reaching Higuera, everything had changed: the men had disappeared and there were only a few women. Coco went to the telegraph house, for there was a telephone, and brought a communication made on the 22nd in which the sub-prefect of Valle Grande had communicated to the mayor that there was news about the presence of guerrillas in the zone and any news should be sent to Valle Grande where they would pay the expenses. The man had run away, but his wife asserted that they had not talked today because in Jaguey, the next town, there was a celebration.

At 13, the vanguard left to try to reach Jaguey and there make a decision about El Medico and the mules; a little later I was talking with the only man in the town, who was very frightened, when a merchant in *coca* arrived, saying he had come from Valle Grande and Pucara and had not seen anything. He was also very nervous, but attributed it to our presence and I let the two go despite the lies they had told us. When I went out towards the summit of the hill at approximately 13:30, the shots from all over the *firme* announced that our men had fallen into ambush. I organized the defense in the little town, waiting for the survivors and decided to give a road leading to the Rio Grande as a way out. A few moments later Benigno arrived wounded and then Aniceto and Pablito, the latter with his foot in bad shape. Miguel, Coco and Julio had fallen and Camba had disappeared, leaving his knapsack.

Rapidly the rearguard picked up the trail and I followed it, still leading the two mules; those in the rear were fired on from very near and were delayed, and Inti lost contact. After waiting for him half an hour in a small ambush, and after having received more fire from the hill, we decided to leave him behind, but a little while later he reached us. At that moment we saw that Leon had disappeared, and Inti reported that he had seen his knapsack in the ravine through which we had had to get away. We saw a man who was walking rapidly through the canyon and drew the conclusion that it was he. In order to mislead them, we let the mules go down the canyon and we followed another little canyon later, which had bitter water, sleeping at 12, for it was impossible to advance.

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[27]

AT 21 HOURS WE RESTARTED the march, trying to find a place to ascend, which we achieved at 7, but on the opposite side of the one we wanted. There was a barren hill in front that looked harmless. We climbed a little more to some sparse woods in order to be safe from the aircraft, and there we discovered that the hill had a trail, although nobody had traveled on it all day long. At dusk, a peasant and a soldier climbed up the hill as far as the middle and played there for a while, without seeing us. Aniceto had just made an exploration and saw a good-sized group of soldiers in a house nearby. This was the easiest trail for us, and now it was cut. In the morning, we saw a column of soldiers shining in the sun as they climbed a nearby hill. Later, at midday, isolated shots were heard and there were a few shell bursts and later the shout of: "There he is;" "Come out of there;" "Are you coming out or not," accompanied by more shots. We do not know the fate of the man and we assumed that it could have been Camba.

We left at dusk to try to get down to the water on the other side and we stayed in a thicket a little more dense than the former; it was necessary to look for the water in the same canyon because a cliff does not permit us to do it here.

The radio brought the news that I had clashed with the Galindo Company leaving three dead. They were being transferred to Valle Grande for their identification. It seems that Camba and Leon have not been aprpehended. Our losses have been very great this time; the most grievous loss is Coco, but Miguel and Julio were magnificent fighters and the human value of the three is beyond all praise. Leon looked promising.
h=1400

[28]

A DAY OF ANXIETY which at one moment seemed to be our last one. In the early morning, water was brought in, and almost right away Inti and Willi went out to explore another possible descent to the canyon. But they came back right away because the whole hill in front was marked by a trail, and a peasant on horseback was traveling it. In front of us, 46 soldiers with their knapsacks on left at 10, taking centuries to go afar. At 12 another group appeared. This time with 77 men—and to top it all off a shot was heard at that moment and the soldiers took positions. The officer ordered going down into the ravine, which surely looked like ours. But, finally, they communicated by radio and, seemingly satisfied, reinitiated the march. Our refuge has no defense against an attack from above and the possibilities of escaping would have been remote if they had discovered us.

A soldier who had fallen behind passed with a tired dog, for they were pulling him to make him walk, and later a peasant returned after a while, and then nothing else happened. But the anguish of the shot at the moment had been great. All the soldiers left with their knapsacks, which gave the impression that they were withdrawing, no fires were seen in the little house at night and no shots were heard with which they habitually greet the dusk. Tomorrow we shall explore all day at the ranch. There was a light rain but it seemed to me it was not enough to wipe out our tracks.

The radio gave the identification of Coco and confusing news about Julio. They confuse Miguel with Antonio, whose position in Manila was given. At the beginning they spread the news about my death, later they retracted it.

[29]

ANOTHER TENSE DAY. The exploration: Inti and Aniceto went out early to guard the house all day. Early in the morning there was movement on the road, and by mid-morning there were soldiers without knapsacks traveling in both directions, plus others leading empty donkeys from below, which later returned loaded. Inti arrived at 18:15, reporting that the 16 soldiers that came down went into the *chaco* and could not be seen anymore and that the donkeys seemed to have been loaded there. According to his news, it was difficult to decide to use this road, the easiest and most logical one, since it is possible for the soldiers to be ambushed, and anyway, there are dogs in the house which would reveal our presence. Tomorrow two explorers will leave; one for the same place and the other one to try to walk up the *firme* as far as possible to see if there is a way out, probably crossing the trail the soldiers use.

The radio did not give any news.

[30]

ANOTHER DAY OF TENSION. In the morning, Radio Balmaseda of Chile announced that high army sources said that they had corraled Che Guevara in a wild jungle canyon. The local broadcasting stations were silent. It seems like treason, or else the certainty of our presence in the zone. In a while the movement of soldiers began from one side to the other. At 12, 40 of them left separate columns with arms ready, and they went to stop at the little house where they had pitched camp and established a nervous watch. Aniceto and Pacho reported this. Inti and Willi came back with the news that the Rio Grande was about two kilometers straight ahead and that there are three houses up the canyon and camp could be pitched in places where we would not be seen from any side. Water was obtained, and at 22 we started a tiresome nocturnal march delayed by Chino who walks very badly in the darkness. Benigno is very well, but El Medico still hasn't recovered.

MONTHLY ANALYSIS: *It should have been a month of recuperation and it was on the point of being so when the ambush into which Miguel, Coco and Julio fell spoiled everything, and put us in a dangerous position, besides losing Leon. As to Camba it is a net gain.*

We had small clashes in which we killed a horse, killed and wounded a soldier and Urbano exchanged shots with a patrol, plus there was the ominous ambush in la Higuera. We left the mules behind ,and I believe that for a long time we shall not have any more animals of that type, unless I should relapse into an asthmatic condition.

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On the other hand the news about the other group seems to be true, and it should be considered the end, although it is possible that a little group is roaming, avoiding contact with the army, because the news of the joint death of the seven may be false, or at least exaggerated.

The characteristics are the same as those of last month, except that now the army is showing more effectiveness in action, and the mass of peasants does not help us at all and have become informers.

The most important tasks are to escape and look for more propitious zones and to reestablish contacts, despite the fact that the whole apparatus is badly disjointed in La Paz where they have also given us hard blows. The morale of the rest of the men has been sustained fairly well. My only doubts are about Willi, who may take advantage of some clash to try to escape by himself unless I have a talk with him.

OCTUBRE, 1967

[1]

THIS FIRST DAY OF THE MONTH went by without anything new. At dawn we arrived at a scant thicket where we made camp, placing sentries at the various points of approach. The 40 men went down a canyon which we thought we would take by firing a few shots. At 14 hours the last shots were heard; nobody seemed to be in the little houses, although Urbano saw five soldiers come down who weren't following any particular trail. I decided to remain here one more day because the place is good and has the withdrawal guaranteed, since all of the movements of the enemy troops can be seen. Pacho, with Ñato, Dario and Eustaquio went out to look for water and returned at 21. Chapaco made fritters and we divided up some *charqui* which assuaged our hunger somewhat. There was no news.
h=1600

[2]

ANTONIO

The day passed without any sign of soldiers but some little goats led by shepherd dogs passed by our positions, and the animals barked. We decided to try to pass by one of the *chacos* that is nearer to the canyon and started the descent at 18 hours, with plenty of time to arrive comfortably and cook before crossing—except that Ñato got lost and was obsessed to go on. When we decided to return, we got lost and had to spend the night on the top, without being able to cook or to drink water. The radio gave the explanation for the deployment of the soldiers on the 30th; according to the news from La Cruz del Sur, the Army communicated having had a clash in Abra del Quiñol with one small group of ours, without losses on either side, although they said they had found traces of blood from our retreat. There were six men in the group according to the same dispatch.

[3]

A LONG DAY, unnecessarily intense: while mobilizing to reach our camp base, Urbano arrived with the news that he had heard some peasants who were passing by comment: "Those are the ones who were talking last night," while we were on the road. It appears that the report is inaccurate, but I decided to proceed as if it were perfectly real, and without quenching our thirst we again climbed up to a *firme* that overlooks the road of the soldiers. The rest of the day was perfectly calm, and at dusk all of us went down and made coffee, which tasted like heaven despite the bitter water and greasy kettle in which it had been made. Then we cooked corn meal to eat here and rice with elk meat to take with us. At three we started the march, after a previous exploration, and we eluded the *chaco* with great ease coming out at the ravine selected, which has no water but does have signs of having been explored by the soldiers.

The radio gave out the news about two prisoners: Antonio Dominguez Flores (Leon) and Orlando Jimenez Bazañ (Camba); the latter acknowledges having fought against the army; the former says he surrendered, trusting the presidential word. Both gave abundant news about Fernando, his illness and everything else, not to mention what they said which has not been published. Thus ends the story of two heroic guerrillas.
h=1300

An interview with Debray was heard, very courageous when faced by a student provocator.

[4]

AFTER RESTING IN THE RAVINE, we followed it for half an hour downwards, until we came to another one that joins it, which we climbed up, resting until 15 to keep away from the sun. At that time we began the march again for a little more than half an hour. There we reached the explorers who had arrived at the end of the small canyons without finding any water. At 18 we abandoned the ravine and followed a cattle trail until 19:30, at an hour when nothing could be seen, and so we stopped until 3.

The radio announced the change of the Advanced Post of the General Staff of the 4th Division from Lagunillas to Padilla, to take better care of the Serrano zone where it is assumed that the guerrillas could attempt to flee. Also there is commentary that should I be captured by forces of the 4th Division they will judge me in Camiri, and if the ones of the 8th do it, in Santa Cruz.
h=1650

[5]

ON RESTARTING THE MARCH we walked with great difficulty until 5:15 hours, when we left the cattle trail and went into a thin woods which was tall enough to protect us from indiscreet onlookers. Benigno and Pacho made several explorations to look for water and they completely covered the house nearby without finding any, but probably there is a little well by the side of it. On finishing the exploration,

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they saw six soldiers arriving at the house, apparently on their way off. We left at dawn, the men exhausted due to the lack of water and Eustaquio made a scene crying for a mouthful of water. After a very bad march with many stopovers, by early morning we had reached some woods where the dogs could be heard barking nearby. There is a high and barren *firme* close by.

We cured Benigno who has a little pus on his wound and I injected El Medico. As a result of the cure, Benigno complained of pains during the night. The radio reported that our two Cambas were transferred to Camiri to serve as witnesses at Debray's trial.
h=2000

[6]

THE EXPLORATION SHOWED THAT we had a house nearby but also showed that there was water in a ravine farther away. We went there and cooked all day long under a big ledge which served as a roof, despite the fact that I did not spend the day very calmly because we had gone near somewhat populated places by full daylight, and we were in a hollow. Since the supper was delayed until 6, we decided to leave in the early morning for a tributary near this little creek and from there make a more exhaustive exploration to determine its future course.

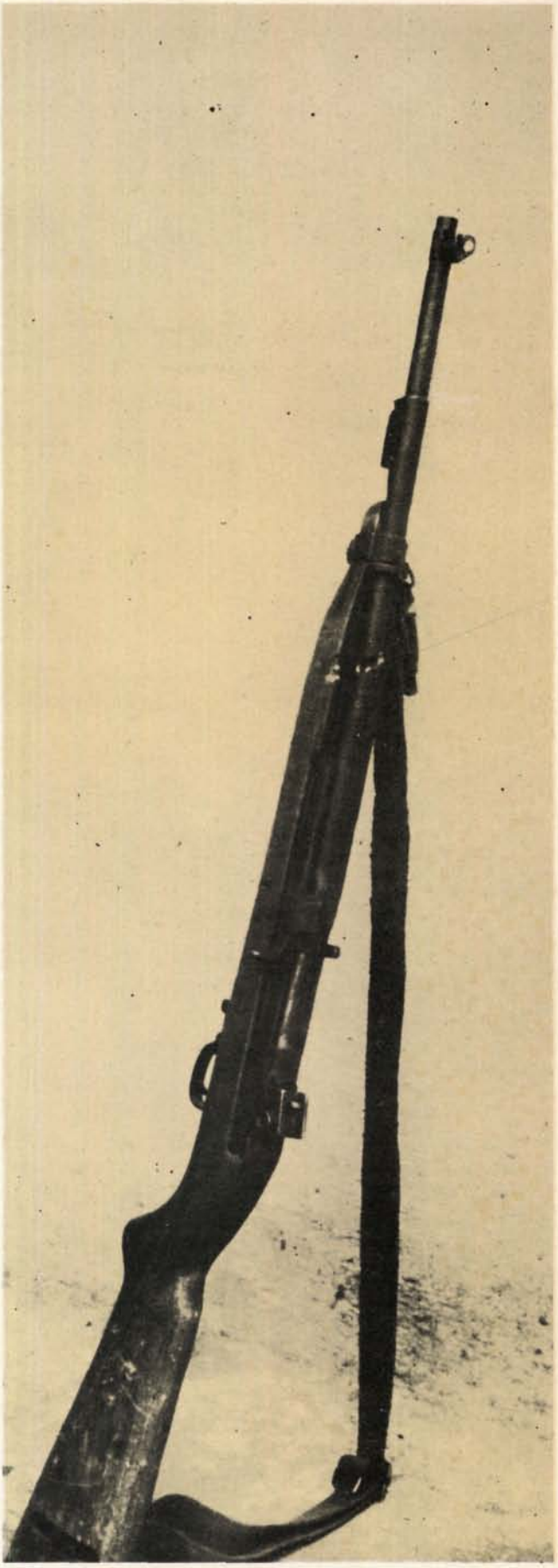
La Cruz del Sur reported an interview with the Cambas; Orlando was a little less crafty. The Chilean radio reported censored news that shows that there are 1800 men in the zone looking for us.
h=1750

[7]

ELEVEN MONTHS since our inauguration as guerrilla; the day was being spent without complications, even bucolicly, until 12:30 when an old woman shepherding her goats came into the canyon where we had camped and it was necessary to apprehend her. The woman gave no truthful news about the soldiers, saying that she didn't know anything, as it was a long time since she had gone there. She only gave information about the roads; and according to her report, it shows that we are approximately one league from Higueras and another from Jaguey and about two from Pucara. At 17:30, Inti, Aniceto and Pablito went to the old woman's house where she has two daughters, one crippled and the other half-dwarfed. 50 pesos were given to her with the request that she not say a word, but with little hope that she would keep her promises.

The 17 of us left under a waning moon, the march was very tiresome and we left many traces in the canyon where we were. There are no houses nearby, but there are some potato fields irrigated from the same creek. At 2 we stopped to rest, since it was useless to continue advancing. Chino becomes a real load when it is necessary to walk at night.

The army gave strange information about the presence of 250 men in Serrano to prevent the passage of those encircled, saying there were 37, and giving our refuge as being between the river Acero and the Oro. The news seems to be diversionary.
h=2000



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NOVEMBER 67 — 40. Woche · Zinstage 277-83

S		5	12	19	26
M		6	13	20	27
D		7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
D	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	
S	4	11	18	25	

Sonnabend

7

OKTOBER

Se cumplieron los 11 meses de nuestra separación guerrillera sin complicaciones, bucólicamente sobre las 12 de la hora en que una vieja, [illegible] con chivos entró en el cañón en que bebíamos agua pedo y bueno que aprovecha. La mujer no ha oído ninguna noticia fidelista sobre los alrededores, contestando a todo que no sabe, que hace tiempo que no va por allá. Solo dió información sobre los caminos, de vuelta del informe de la vieja se desprende que estamos aproximadamente a una legua de Higueras y otra de Tojiro y unas 2 de Jurará. A las 17.30, Luz, Antonio y [illegible] fuimos a cora de la vieja que tiene una hija portada y una [illegible] enorma. Le dieron 20 pesos con el encargo de que no hablara ni una palabra, pero con poca esperanza de que cumpla a pesar de sus promesas. Salimos a las 17 con una luna muy pequeña y la noche fue muy fría y dejando mucho rastro por el camino de subida, que no tiene casas cerca, pero sí varios de paja regados por aquí y allá del mismo arroyo a las 2 horas a descansar, pues ya en [illegible] seguir avanzando. El chino se convirtió en una verdadera cepa cuando hay que caminar de noche.

El practicante dió una vaga información sobre la presencia de 200 hombres en Tenorio por [illegible] el lado de los caballos, en número de 37, donde la tropa de marcha regresa entre el río Acero y el Oro. La noticia pero desalentadora

h = 2000 ms.

DEZEMBER NOVEMBER OKTOBER

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